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RED AND WHITE

REVIEW



1949-50



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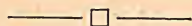
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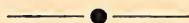
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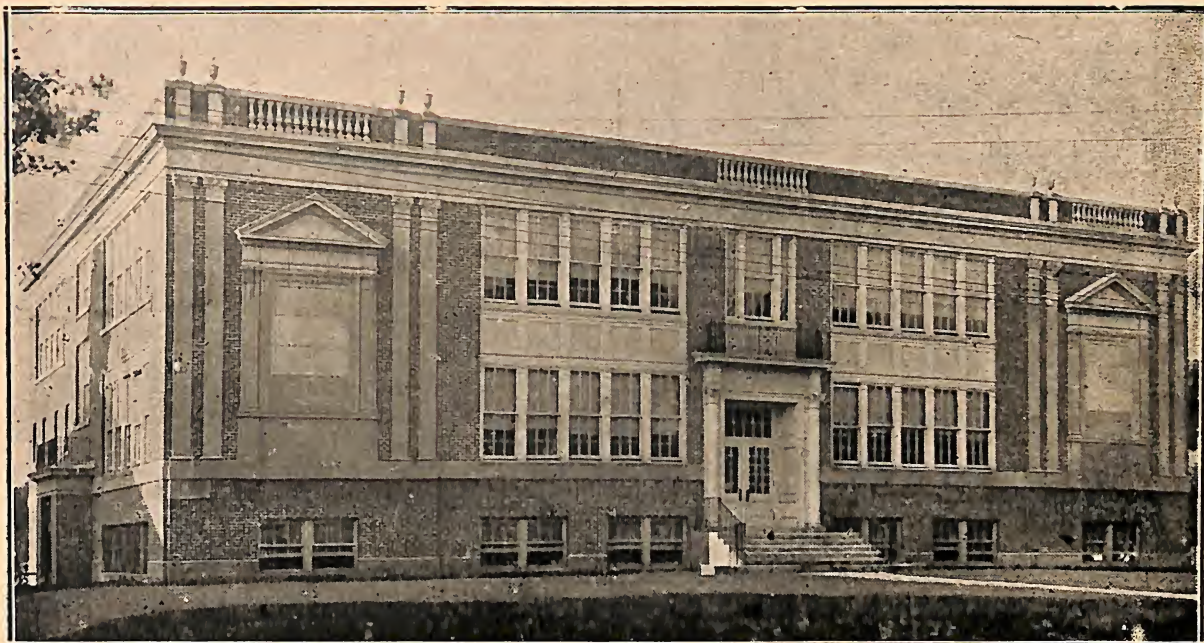
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TEACHING STAFF

Back Row, left to right — H. Dukelow, P. Hennessy, C. Brogden, R. Stephenson,
A. Harding, R. Parker, E. Morrissey, J. Strobl.

Front Row, left to right — S. Fraser, T. McIver, E. Rose, M. McKinley, L. Fox,
T. Priest, I. Rhodes, K. Rumley, R. Jones.

This edition of the Red and White Review is respectfully
dedicated to our Principal, Mr. E. Lorne Fox



Foreword

Each year brings a new crop of students to our school but it also leaves a vacuum caused by the group who graduate and move off into other fields of endeavour. Each year brings new ideas and innovations to the Petrolia District High School. One of the latter is this venture into the publication field. The success with which the "Red and White Review" has been produced brings great credit to Mr. Brogden, Jim Kimmerly, and the host of others who have so effectively put their shoulder to the wheel.

It is refreshing and enlightening to see the great quantity of hidden talent that comes to the fore during the five years students spend in our school. Some discover that they have exceptional ability in the classroom. Others find superiority through the many extra-curricular activities. Regardless of the field in which your talent lies, its discovery is likely to mean a great deal to your future course of livelihood or add much to your enjoyment as you move along the path of life. Let us develop these talents to the full but at the same time keep our eyes firmly fixed on the goal ahead — namely a liberal education. We have all seen too many students who concentrated on one phase of education while neglecting all others. There is a time for work and a time for play and one without the other is futile.

May I take this occasion to extend my very best wishes to both the staff and students.

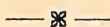
E. Lorne Fox



SCHOOL PAPER EXECUTIVE

Back Row, left to right — Mr. Brogden, Barbara Stauff, Ann Blacklock, Mary Brown, Jim White, Shirley Hunter, Lois Shaw, Len. Bicknell.

Front Row, left to right—Charlene Allan, Bob O'Dell, Agatha Blonde, Jim Kimmerly (Pres.), Dorothy Johnston, Jim Cunningham, Barbara Canton, Tip Corey.



Red and White Review Staff

Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jim Kimmerly
Assistant Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Dorothy Johnston
Literary Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Barbara Canton
Art	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Elsie Broadbent
Sports Editor	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Ann Blacklock
Staff	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jim Cunningham, Agatha Blonde, Lois Shaw
Humour	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Charlene Allan, R. O'Dell
Activities	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Shirley Hunter, Mary M. Brown
Musical Evenings	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Barbara Stauff
Advertising	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Len. Bicknell, H. Corey
Business Manager	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Jim White
Staff Adviser	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	C. L. Brogden

Editorial

We, the Editorial Staff of the "Red and White Review," Salute You!

It has been a source of pleasure and great satisfaction to the members of the editorial staff of the "Red and White Review" to know that at last our efforts have been crowned with success and our Year Book has been finally published. No publication making its debut has an easy task ahead. No success is ever achieved without effort; and just as we are told "There is no royal road to learning," so have we learned that no royal road paves the way before the editing of a paper.

Thanks to the Fates who plan our lives, they have created for us an advising editor and manager in the person of Mr. C. L. Brogden, who not only advised and edited, but who also did so much of the real hard work and lifted us over the difficult places. Like a fairy 'god-father' he waved his magic wand and presto — our troubles vanished.

We owe a great deal to those who have patronized our Year Book by giving us their advertising. Without advertising we could never accomplish our goal; but we would also like to say that "It pays to advertise," especially since our year book will go far and near throughout the country.

A beginning is always something of a venture — a leap in the dark, as it were, and this beginning of the "Red and White Review" awaits in trembling anticipation its appearance before the public, some of whom will be critical, some tolerant, others enthusiastic, and the student public who will be whole-heartedly joyful.

A year book is the embodiment of the life and action of the whole school. It has been our greatest ambition to record within its pages the various activities that have been carried on throughout the year: our Commencement, sports, literary features, Student Council, and many other extra-curricular activities.

We should like to pay tribute to all who have added to the glory of the school in the winning of scholarships and other awards. Their pictures are a feature of the year book and their success should arouse ambition for greater effort in scholastic achievement.

We wish to acknowledge the foreword of our principal, Mr. E. L. Fox. His encouragement and his appreciation of our efforts have been a great incentive to our undertaking.

We are most appreciative of the articles contributed to our Year Book by our former principal, Mr. Peter MacKichan, and members of our teaching staff.

Finally, wish us success in our undertaking! Appreciation and encouragement in 1950 will lead to greater effort in 1951!

Dorothy Johnston

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS



By Ralph Johnston

Mr. Fox, members of the graduating class, students, ladies and gentlemen:

It is difficult to know just what to say in an address of this type. We, the members of the graduating class, have just spent five years in this school, coming under the influence of its unique atmosphere (for each school has some spirit which no other school possesses) and we have been exposed to the knowledge and ideals of the text-books and more important, of the teachers. All this we know; but who can predict what these things will mean to the world? Who can say what result these influences will have in the life of the graduate, and the graduate in his turn on the life of the community and of future generations? Just as the waves radiating from a pebble thrown into still water cover an infinite expanse, so the ideas and ideals we have received during our high school years will leave their marks on the waters of time.

This is a time of tributes. Believing as I do that first things should come first, I would like to pay tribute to the teachers. Someone has said that a teacher is like a candle which ignites others in consuming itself. How true it is! Over the years, from one teacher's life will be established to some degree within the souls of pupils an imitation of that person's life. For it isn't what the course of study outlines that a student gets from the teacher but it is instead a little bit of that teacher's personality, his outlook on life, his high ideals, and the benefit of his experience. For one cannot be in contact with a teacher five periods a week from one to five years without being influenced by that life. Aristotle has said that those who educate children well are more to be honoured than their parents, for the latter only give life while the former give the art of living. Long after we have forgotten how to conjugate Latin and French verbs, or the Latin name of the wild mustard or Newton's laws of motion we will retain, consciously or

unconsciously, the truths of life which seem to be found in no text book, but which were subtly and perhaps unconsciously imparted to us by the lives of our teachers. And perhaps then we will be more thankful for the patient labour of those who at the time received all too little appreciation from us.

Then I would like to pay tribute to the school. We came to the school with different social and educational backgrounds. Some like myself came by bus from a small country school where they were perhaps the only member of the class. Others were natives of Petrolia. In the school and in the activities which it provided, we came to know each other, and as we knew each other better there grew the respect for the individual himself. Friendships were made in those years which will last for a lifetime. In our third year there was added to our class, because of the new school area system, a number of new students who soon became accepted members of the class. Each student played his part in the activities of the school and has left his mark whether it be a broken sports record or his contribution to the student government or the student society. The school with its spirit, its organizations, and the associations which it brings to mind have given to this graduating class not only new friends, new accomplishments, and new attitudes but also a common tie or bond which shall in a greater or lesser degree bind us together as long as we shall live.

I would like to pay tribute to parents who had such a belief in the possibilities of our lives that they made many sacrifices in order that we might attend school. Those sacrifices can only be repaid as we justify that faith which they had in us.

We have paid tribute to teachers, to the school and to parents by words, but the greatest living tribute will be our lives. We have accepted, perhaps sel-

(continued on page 34)

SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS



RALPH JOHNSTON



DONNA LEAPER



MARJORIE McDOUGALL



KATHRYN RYAN

Scholarships and Awards

Honor Matriculation Scholarships

The Petrolia District High School graduating class of 1949 set a high standard of scholarship and brought much credit to themselves and the school in being awarded five major scholarships.

The Third Carter Scholarship presented to the student receiving 3rd highest marks on ten Upper School papers in Lambton County was awarded to Donna Leaper. The Brescia Hall Scholarship was awarded to Kathryn Ryan. Two Dominion-Provincial Bursaries, a value of \$400 per year while attending University were awarded to Kathryn Ryan and Ralph Johnston. The third Dominion Provincial Bursary of a value of \$250 the first year and \$200 per year for subsequent courses at Normal School was awarded to Marjorie McDougall.

These four students are now pursuing their careers at institutions of higher learning. To them we extend our best wishes and highest hopes that their future academic records may bring more and greater honours than those already attained.

Lions Scholarships

The Petrolia Lions Club annually awards a scholarship to each of the Grades IX to XIII, in the Petrolia District High School. These Scholarships are awarded on the basis of leadership and contribution to school life made by the student. The 1948-49 recipients were: Grade 9, Jim Maitland; Grade 10, Gayle Richmond; Grade 11, James Henderson; Grade 12, Charles Knight; Grade 13, Jeanne Diodati.

I. O. D. E. Awards

In 1948-49 the Margaret Stokes Chapter (Petrolia) of the I. O. D. E. awarded Scholarships in History and English to each of the grades in the High School. These awards went to Kathryn Ryan, Grade 13 English; Hugh McKellar, Grade 12 History; Shirley Atkinson, Grade 11 History; Ann Howlett, Grade 10 History, and Lloyd Zimmerman, Grade 9 History.

(continued on page 31)

History of Petrolia High School

By Mr. P. MacKichan

The original Petrolia High School building was officially opened in 1884.

The staff comprised three male teachers: Mr. S. Phillips, B.A., Principal, who taught mathematics, physics and modern languages; Mr. D. M. Grant, B.A., (Toronto) (Honours in Classics) teaching history, geography, classics and chemistry; Mr. James Brebner (undergraduate University of Toronto), teaching English.



P. MacKichan

The High School building was of white brick, two stories in height and forty feet square at the base.

The accommodations comprised two large class rooms, one of which was a chemistry laboratory; two half sized rooms, one as a library and the other as a cloak room; and a teachers' room with dimensions five feet by six feet.

In the first thirty-two years of its existence (until 1916) the staff had increased by one teacher, and remained as four members for the next five years.

By 1921 one extra teacher was employed, making use of one room at Jubilee School. By 1922 another teacher was employed and the use of another room at Jubilee School. In 1923 the seventh teacher was added to the staff and this number remained as such until September 1926, when the new High School was opened with a staff of ten teachers, three of which were in the commercial department.

The commercial department was discontinued in 1931.

In September 1939 the courses in Shop and Home Economics were introduced.

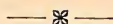
At present there are seventeen teachers on the staff.



STUDENT COUNCIL

Back Row, left to right — Mr. Strobl, Bob Scott, Henry Feenstra, Helen Strangway, Fred Scott, Yvonne Gillatly, Jack Lumley, Pauline Metcalfe, Lloyd Zimmerman, Jim Wolsey.
 Front Row, left to right — Norman Sutherland, Dorothy Johnston, Shirley French, Jim Kimmerly (President), Gayle Richmond, Barbara Stauff, Ross Fraleigh,

STUDENT COUNCIL ACTIVITIES



It is the desire of the Student Council that the Student Body fully understand its work. It carries on the main functions of the school working with the teachers and various other student organizations. Its chief aim is to try to bring home the fact to the pupils that school is the most important factor in their lives. This year it is operating under the capable guidance of Mr. Strobl.

After the campaign speeches were over, the following were elected:

President	Jim Kimmerly
Vice-President	Barbara Stauff
Secretary	Shirley French
Treasurer	Gayle Richmond

Representatives were selected by each class as follows:

Dorothy Johnston, XIII.
Norm. Sutherland, XII AB.
Fred Scott, XII CD.
Jim Wolsey, XI AB.
Ross Fraleigh, XI CD.
Jack Lumley, X AB.
Henry Feenstra, X CD.
Claire Penfound, X EF.
Lloyd Zimmerman, X GH.
Yvonne Gillatly, IX AB.
Bob Scott, IX CD.
Helen Strangway, IX EF.
Pauline Metcalfe, IX GH.

The year's activities started off with a debate to decide if the school colours should remain Crimson and Gold or be changed to Red and White. Jean Downer upheld the side of Crimson and Gold while Jim Kimmerly fought for the change to Red and White. After the smoke cleared the school colours were Red and White.

Early in November wedding bells began to sound. On behalf of the entire student body, the student council presented Mr. and Mrs. Strobl with a nest of tables, a cup and saucer, silver pepper and salt shakers, and, to Mrs. Strobl for further use, a rolling pin.

The highlight of the fall term was the Halowe'en Stocking Ball. If you remember, you lost your shoes at the door, and spent the remainder of the evening helping to wear out father's diamond socks. The merriment was interrupted at its height by the strains of the Funeral March, and a funeral procession under the direction of Scotty Fraleigh and "Digger" O'Dell. An added feature was a "House of Horrors" operated by Miss McKinley and her XII AB to the horror of all who ventured near.

When the Christmas season rolled around, a suitable Christmas card was chosen and sold throughout the school.

The annual Christmas programme was held on the afternoon of December 23rd. Talent was drawn from every class, topped off by the arrival of Santa Claus with his gifts for everyone. In the evening a record crowd attended the dance. At this dance the "Flower Fund" was started. This fund is to be used to purchase flowers in the event of the death of a student or a parent of a student. Contributions to this fund were made in a "Penny Parade," held at some of the dances.

The outstanding event of the year for the Student Council was the "At Home." The theme of Red and White was used throughout, from the indirect lighting to the bread in the sandwiches. Music was provided by Eric Scott and his popular orchestra. During intermission, President Jim Kimmerly took over at the piano. It was a night to be remembered, not only by the students, but also by parents, friends, teachers and graduates.

In the near future, the Student Council hopes to have a new and original crest for the school. The design will have as its centre an oil well, which will make it entirely different from any other school crest. This design will also include a new motto.

In closing, the Student Council would like to thank the teachers and students who worked on the various committees throughout the year. Their co-operation made our work a pleasant task. A special award of praise goes to our President, Jim Kimmerly, an energetic and capable leader, whose guidance in all of our endeavours contributed greatly to their success.



Miss Jones: "Bob, translate: 'Les oiseaux chantaient dans les arbres'."

Bob McKay: "The oysters were singing in the trees."

The weaker sex is often the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

Mr. Stephenson: "So you think you could end all unemployment, do you? How?"

Gord. Jamieson: "Well, I'd put all the men on one island and all the women on another."

Mr. Stephenson: "And what would they be doing then?"

Gord: "Building boats."

Mr. Fox: "And you can't multiply 26 by 85, Churchill? I'll bet that Warwick can do it in less than no time."

Ross: "I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply very rapidly these days."

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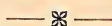
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GEORGE MASON

I. R. CHURCHILL

COUNCILLORS

LITERARY



Our Attic

By Marie Park

As the light streaks of the new day became apparent in the eastern heavens, the clouds burst, the rain fell, the day is one of those cherished by those who love to wander, a perfect day for ransacking the attic.

As the adventurer ascends the winding way of the rickety old stairs, it creaks back its complaint of that abandoned promise of impending repairs. The perturbed spiders swing precariously on their gossamer strands as their webs are torn from their anchorage. The dust covered trap door is pushed up on its rusty hinges. The musty odour of age-old treasures greets the intruder. Boxes, trunks, old furniture, piles of papers and an array of knick-knacks fill every nook and cranny of the family catch-all. What more could one want on a rainy day? The misty gloom is cheered only by the faint glimmer of day through the one scant window which is obscured by the dust of time. A small candle burning valiantly throws its brave light through all the room disclosing its mystic and enticing contents which appeal to me, its visitor.

The massive bulk of an old trunk that might have belonged to "Sinbad the Sailor" fills one corner of the attic. Its deep and extravagant carvings reveal fantastic tales from the land of make-believe. The leather flaps affected by the work of many hands are worn smooth and now fail to hold tight the lid over the superfluous contents of the trunk. As I seek to satisfy my curiosity I find dresses, coats, old gowns and even wigs, dating back to the "Renaissance," all the paraphernalia necessary to delight any prankster preparing for Hallowe'en. Dresses of velvet, taffeta and old-satin, lace and embroidery, made by the patient hands of yester-years. Gowns probably worn by some blushing bride before the blushes went out of style. The old wigs with the long, precision-made ringlets, which were used by some great-great uncle or grandfather when they were called to court, are brought from their moth-ball environment.

As the lid falls my attention is drawn to an orderly pile of boxes, band boxes, of various size, shape, and colour. Ribbons once bright and crisp, now droop with dust, faded and sad, about boxes which also have seen better days. Hats, hats, hats—why do people keep hats? Of course they were valued by those who owned them, but now, when none of them could possibly be used unless for a masquerade, they are of no use but to fill up space in an old attic, the like of which I now describe.

Turning to a small suitcase I see what seems to be a sealed envelope attached to one

end of it. Having rubbed some of the dust from it, I bring it to the candle light and read, "Mourning Garments." The baggage contains several white handkerchiefs edged with black lace, strips of black crepe, apparently to be sewn on hats, and thick veils. The black dress must have been worn out for it is lacking from this ensemble.

As I raise my head I bump into a bird cage containing two stuffed love-birds. Next to them is a stuffed hawk probably made by some amateur taxidermist in my ancestor's family. A half-hooked rug is propped against a treasure hung wall. An old umbrella frame, lacking its cloth cover, hangs from a nail. An old wall rack with broken shelves is suspended by a knotted string and several pencil sketches, in broken frames, and without glass, hang hither and thither against the wall.

Times long past are reflected in the old hand-carved cradle, which as I have been told was made by my great-great grandfather. The old spool crib which went out of style and into style in the last decade, stands as it was last used still with its one broken rung, where Junior, having grown too big, has pushed it out.

As though by fate, the last box to be explored turns out to be a large box of old school books, which have many times been improved and changed into our present day texts. Still the same stories of Christopher Columbus and one poor yellow-leafed edition of Julius Caesar. Old text-books and scribblers filled with block back-hand made with quill pens, now lie yellow with age. As I become involved in my deciphering of some of these old writings, my candle-flame flickers and dies. A wandering breeze from the trap door left ajar has extinguished my light. I am left in the sullen darkness of this musty retreat. The blowing rain lashes against the shingle roof and the loneliness haunts my very soul. I flounder through the debris towards the dim light showing through the crack from the door, slink down the descent, leaving the old attic in its hopeless condition, not to be disturbed until some other idler seeks an escape on a rainy day.



Dreams In Steel and Stone

By Ann Blacklock

Down through the ages man has had various types of dreams. Some have dreams of world conquest, others of liberty; some dream of acquiring wealth, others of sharing it; and lastly but most important of all, some men have dreams of beauty. These have taken many shapes and through the years have developed into the fine arts — painting, sculp-

ture, music and literature — but the master art of all has always been ARCHITECTURE. For much of the beauty of fine paintings, great sculpture, lovely music, moving literature would be lost had we not beautiful buildings in which to house them. So man has dreamed and made those dreams permanent in steel and stone.

Last night I had a strange vision. Methought I walked beside the Nile and visited the magnificent temple of Amon. Great pillars stood glittering in the sunlight, brilliant with inlays of gold and silver. Leading from the temple as far as eye could see stretched an avenue of sphinxes. Wandering there, I met, in all his splendour, a great Pharaoh.

"O Pharaoh," I said, "whose dream conceived this beauty?"

Proudly he answered, "Mine was the dream and to me will be the glory. My slaves sweated night and day, year after year, to make my dream come true."

"But," I said, "must beauty always be born through sweat and toil, tears and slavery?"

And he answered, "I, a Pharaoh, care not that man must slave. My only desire is that my dream be fulfilled."

Sorrowfully I turned away. Surely some place in the world beauty has been created without degrading man. At once, in answer to my thought, I found myself on the steps of the Parthenon at Athens. An ugly little man approached and to my amazement I recognized — Socrates.

"O good and wise man," I said, "what dream created this beauty?"

And Socrates replied, "Here in Athens men dream of justice, of freedom, of worship. In this temple all these ideas have been expressed in simplicity of line and in planned proportion. Here great thoughts and high ideals have found expression in stone and marble."

"Happy Athens," I exclaimed as I looked back at the Parthenon gleaming in the light of the setting sun. But nothing stands still. Everything is in motion and I was too soon transported from these Isles of beauty to another scene — a scene of bustling activity. It was Rome on the eve of a festival. As I walked slowly down the Appian Way toward the Eternal City, I met a soldier.

"Why, O soldier, this great road?" I questioned.

And he answered, "The Caesars have built for conquest. We seek to rule the world. We mean to outlive all civilization. Look about you at our buildings. See the strong arches, and the great vaulting architecture. Feel this road beneath you. It has resounded to the tramp of armies for centuries and will continue to endure long after other nations have passed."

"But," I said, "must man build well only for conquest? Why must your dreams enslave other men. Why doesn't man's dream of beauty set men free?"

But he scoffingly replied, "You foolish dreamer. Man must conquer to survive. There is no other way."

Yet in my heart I felt he was wrong and I prayed there in the moonlight that man might some day dream of peace and goodwill and build that dream in steel and stone. As if in answer to my prayer I found myself standing in the nave of the great Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. Father Francis advanced to meet me.

"O my father," I exclaimed, "at last man's dream has created beauty that soars and sings, beauty that points man's soul to God."

And the old priest smiled. "You are right my daughter. In this beautiful Gothic cathedral man's dream has conquered the material. Here the high, graceful spires, the flying buttresses, the tall windows, direct man's thoughts above the earth. Man can truly worship here and, for a brief space of time, forget the cares of the world about him."

Then, suddenly amidst this peace there broke on my ears a harsh, discordant, rushing noise. It was the rush hour of a great modern city. I stood bewildered and looked about me. Gone was the magnificence of Egyptian architecture, the simplicity of the Greek, the permanence of the Roman, and the ethereal quality of the Gothic. Instead I saw about me buildings of unbelievable height but unimaginative in their vulgar parade of wealth and power. An old flower woman in the doorway of an immense skyscraper was trying unsuccessfully to sell her flowers. But no one saw her or the beauty spilling out of her basket. I approached and remarked:

"What beautiful roses! Can you not sell them?"

The old eyes flashed indignantly as she said, "People have not time for beauty these days. Look at them hurrying by with downcast eyes and drawn, haggard faces."

As I looked about me I was convinced she was right. Towering above us were great structures of steel and stone crowded together, pushing in here, grabbing a bit of space there, no plan, no design, no light. They were built for utility, built in a hurry — no more time for beauty. My heart sank. Surely man had not ceased to dream of beauty.

With that I awakened. The sun was flooding the East with light and my spirits soared. No, man had not failed, for I knew that gone was this crowded ugliness and in its place are spreading over the land, spacious buildings with wide windows open to the sun. Houses and schools hug the earth as if at last man realizes his strength comes from earth and sunlight. Once more man has dared to dream and to make his dreams come true in the satisfying beauty of steel and stone.

Is Childhood the Happiest Period of One's Life?

By N. Sutherland

A question of this kind should not be too difficult to answer but everyone has his own opinion. Therefore I will try to give my own views. For me, and for every other average person, it is difficult to bring back memories of childhood before the age of four. To me this seems to be where life begins; but possibly you have heard before that life begins at forty.

Before we started to public school it seemed that all we had time to do was play, get into mischief, and such things as setting a large bonfire right next to the house didn't seem dangerous to us at all. Another strange opinion, of most of us is that we actually wanted to go to school and could hardly wait to begin—now we can hardly wait to stop.

The long-awaited day is almost here; it is the night before the memorable day when we start to school. We were a little nervous and had trouble getting to sleep that night. The next morning we awoke earlier than usual, didn't want much to eat, and now we started to get "butterflies" in our stomach. At last our Mother took us to school to begin a new life. This was only the first day of many more happy—and some not so happy, school days. We got to know many children, and in those days, we actually liked our teachers and liked going to school. We had the occasional fight and received the odd black eye, but this and many other experiences, too numerous to mention, added to the fun.

From grade one to six we boys never wanted to have anything to do with the girls and anyone who did was termed a "sissy." In the winter time, we used to go to the pond after school and skate until it was dark. Many were the times when we were scolded for being late for supper. We never had homework to do, and I often wonder what I did with all my time. We naturally had our favourite radio programs and rarely missed the serials. On Saturdays when there was a good snowfall we would go out to the nearest hill and with our toboggans and sleighs, slide down for the better part of the day. When we started for home we were cold and hungry and it felt wonderful to be in a warm house again.

In the fall we played in the leaves and played football with the older boys. This seemed to be the time of year when we always wanted to build a hut, whether underground, in a tree, or just on plain old "terra firma." When spring came we were out tapping trees for maple sap. Many a time we came home soaked to the skin after falling off our raft into the pond. The mud at this time of year was a good substitute for snowballs, only a trifle messier. It is never hard to remember the "gangs" we used to belong to and the rivalry between different "gangs."

By the time we reached grades seven and eight we started looking forward to attending

high school. Although we heard many a tale about high school life, such as homework, hard work, little play, etc., we looked forward to it with great expectations. When we had gained the right to enter high-school it seemed like starting a new life again. We had to be more independent and become accustomed to an entirely new environment; but when you are young it is much easier to make a change and fit into different surroundings. We now started taking part in the numerous activities of the school and our time seemed to pass twice as fast. No longer did we have so much time to play and listen to the radio; for homework took its place. We actually had no great responsibilities or worries while we are young. We certainly enjoyed our first year of high school; working in the shop, taking P.T. in the gymnasium, seeing basketball and football games, and participating in the field meet. We began to have more social life by going to dances and other school activities.

My opinion is that childhood continues until we are about sixteen or seventeen years old. Although we wouldn't consider ourselves children when we're in our "teens," we don't actually take on responsibilities of adults until we start to university or start making our own living. The fun, advantages, and the many happy experiences enjoyed during childhood, in my estimation couldn't possibly be equalled by those of later life. We can still enjoy ourselves in manhood and womanhood but we have more responsibilities and less time for fun.

I realize that I am prejudiced, but my excuse for this is that I am still in my "teens" and since experience is the best teacher, I know only my side of the story. For these reasons I look upon my childhood as the best time of my life and I therefore believe that, without overdoing it, we should have as much good, clean fun as possible while we are still young, so that we may look back upon our childhood as the happiest period of our life.



A Salute to the Teachers of P.D.H.S.

By Shirley French

In many schools as I've heard or seen,
They think of each teacher as a grinding machine,

Who drills and pushes the pupils around
Till it really gets the poor creatures down.
But here in Petrolia, I am proud to say
Our teachers behave in a different way.
They treat us each like a personal friend
And prepare us all into the world to send.
Perhaps a few words of description here
To you, would make our feelings clear.

Mr. Fox—

A Principal like him is very rare,
His smile beams from him everywhere.

Miss Jones—

A lover of Nature and Mankind,
Teachers like her are hard to find.

Miss McKinley —

A mischievous gleam beams in her eye,
She's a friend for whom you'd gladly die.

Miss Rose —

Like a flying feather she hurries about,
Doing more good deeds than any boyscout.

Miss Priest —

To all new pupils in the school,
Her friendliest welcome she'll give to you.

Miss McIver —

A big sister to everyone old and young,
In whom we find both work and fun.

Miss Fraser —

She teaches young ladies how to cook,
Her kindness flows like a rippling brook.

Miss Rumley —

She tunes our lives to a harmony scale,
Our confidence in her will never fail.

Mrs. Rhodes —

The only married lady on the list,
She spreads good cheer like a falling mist.

Mr. Parker —

He is understanding in every way,
His kindness helps all from day to day.

Mr. Strobl —

You see him bobbing down the hall,
With a smile and a joke to greet you all.

Mr. Brogden —

Questions, oh boy, he can really toss them,
But enjoys us as much as his Baby Austin.

Mr. Dukelow —

Students he teaches, chickens he feeds,
But wherever he goes he plants good seeds.

Mr. Morrissey —

A newcomer to the school this year,
His genial way reaches far and near.

Mr. Stephenson —

He teaches the boys to work with lumber,
When he's on the job, there's no time for slumber.

Mr. Hennessy —

Another new teacher, with a youthful grin,
Friendship of all he's sure to win.

Mr. Harding —

His quiet charm spreads over the school,
As he teaches us French rule by rule.

— ✕ —

On the Bus Before An Examination

By Audrey Lewis

The morning of the Grade XI Latin exam has finally arrived (whether or not it is wanted!) The bus is joggling along at the terrific

speed of twenty miles per hour. Rain is pouring down and the wind is howling gloomily and rather weirdly. Gloominess surrounds Grade XI.

They are frantically turning pages and asking questions.

"What is the word for daughter?"

"It's *filius*, of course," replies the supposedly best Latin student. "Anyone who doesn't know that should wear a dunce cap."

A roar of laughter greets this remark.

"Well, well! This is the first time I knew that daughter was masculine. Times are changing," says Grade XI's athlete who takes pride in being very masculine.

"My opinion is that some daughters are masculine," Thomas Archibald informs us with an air of finality as if his opinion is the only thing that matters. "What does *liber* mean?"

"It means free as an adjective and child as a noun," answers Joe.

"That doesn't sound right. If——"

"Help! Help! Catch me! I'm falling!" and with a terrible thud the fat boy in front of Mary and Ann falls. Since the bus is going downhill, before he can get up, he finds himself rolling towards the front of the bus. After a long interval of time, he laboriously picks up his two hundred pounds and lumbers to his seat at the back of the bus.

During this performance, no one is studying very much. Now the bus becomes very quiet as everyone starts to study. Although apparently absorbed in learning a Latin vocabulary, John is looking for mischief. Suddenly he seems to have a brain wave.

Cautiously he stretches his arm across the aisle. Here is a wonderful opportunity, Mary and Ann are concentrating on a Latin declension.

"*Puer* — ah — um fool. *Pueri* — puero — pu —"

"Squeak, squeak, squeak," comes from John's hand.

"A mouse! A mouse! Help!" scream the girls.

"Squeak, — squeak." Then John drops the mouse and Mary and Ann are dreadfully ashamed to think that they have been afraid of a toy mouse.

John is innocently learning a Latin vocabulary.

"*Servus* — ah — pupil. *Copia* — teachers. *Interficio* — ah — that must mean to learn. *Corpus* — um — body. *Pater* — now let me see — mother. *Soror* must mean sister because it sounds like sorrow. There! Now I know that vocabulary."

"Ha! Ha! He knows his vocabulary?"

The bus stops. It is two minutes to nine. Then the bell rings and Grade XI file like martyrs into the examination room.

Good luck in the Latin exam!

The Persian Wars

By G. Shepley

The Persians sailed for Athens,
They had six hundred boats,
They met the Greeks at Marathon,
And tried to get their goats.

Then Athens was not very strong,
Her men not soldiers made;
Pheidipides to Sparta ran,
Te beg her greedy aid.

The Spartans gave a poor excuse,
The moon was not yet round;
They said they wouldn't dare set out,
For fear of losing ground.

And Athens was so short of men,
She'd only swords and spears;
Miltiades led the charge of death,
And evoked the Persians fears.

The Persians left their thousand dead,
And beat it for their boats;
It was the Greeks, not Persians,
That got the Persians' goats.

Athens was told the joyful news,
By the swift Pheidippides,
From that long run, he now is done,
And fell dead on his knees.

Miltiades must be disgraced,
His fine he could not pay;
Themistocles who chose the sea,
The Persians kept at bay;

He was a man of great foresight,
But built the Greeks a fleet,
Not just by land, but by the sea,
Her foes she now could meet.

Now some had planned that Corinth be
A chief point of defence.
Themistocles did not obey,
And showed them his prudence.



Atomic Energy

By Bob Thompson

Atomic energy. Until that catastrophic day of August 6, 1945, when the second atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, comparatively few people knew anything about the energy which could be liberated by the splitting of the atom. When the news was flashed around the world, and as pictures of this great tragedy were made available to civilization, families who heard of the great destruction and after-effects of the explosion of the bomb, experienced a sense of terror and fear, as they pondered the future ramifications of this unleashed energy.

Questions spread from tongue to tongue, "What will happen to us? "What effect will it have on the world?" When a short time later, a further bomb was exploded over Nagasaki, the nations again experienced the dread that only evil would result from this demon-

stration of power. Scarred figures, maimed bodies, tales of horror, death, filled all the papers. Gradually speculation ceased and time passed until July, 1946, when an experiment was made at Bikini.

This once again proved conclusively that as an instrument of destruction nothing previously used in warfare could even faintly compare; furthermore, the immediate effect was not the culmination of devastation, but the insidious effect persisted by contaminating air, water, vegetation and all other articles touched by the radio-active rays for inconclusive periods of time. If, as was found from these tests that radio-activity produced as a result of atomic explosion persisted in isolated spots such as the Bikini atoll where the experiment took place, the question then arose how much more devastating would be the results both of the explosion and radiation if this energy was unleashed over or in a modern metropolis such as Toronto or Montreal or thriving industrial centers similar to Sarnia and Windsor where so much steel is used in the construction of products necessary to the nation's war effort, with steel's magnetic attraction and retention of these radio-active waves.

After studied consideration of the effects of the bomb as an instrument of war and the immense power for good which could be obtained from the atom if channelled into the pursuits of peace, the world demanded some method of control to insure that never again would atomic energy be used for destructive purposes.

Unfortunately man's dream of seeing atomic energy used for the benefit of all peoples was overshadowed by the knowledge that one nation desirous of world power refused co-operation with the others, thereby slowing progress in the study of beneficent atomic energy by necessitating that a certain amount of destructive atomic bombs must still be produced.

So far scientific advancement has been retarded and it will be left to following generations to decide if man chose wisely in using the atomic bomb as a weapon to end war. In years to come will it again be used to destroy? Only the future will tell if man has developed an element which will go down in history as the achievement of the century or the means by which man annihilated his modern world.

SCHOLARSHIPS AND AWARDS

(continued from page 23)

The increasing number of awards and prizes available to all students of the Petrolia District High School, represents a challenge to each and every student which cannot be ignored. To the donors of these scholarships and awards we wish to express our deep appreciation for their continued interest and support.

In Memory of Room 11

By Bob O'Dell

The little room
In the middle of the hall
On third floor
Is very small.

In that little room,
The grade thirteen
Biology students
Are often seen.

They study the plant,
Dissect the worm;
Laugh and Gossip,
Wiggle and Squirm.

When into the room
The teacher walks,
No one laughs
And no one talks.

All is silent,
For everyone knows:
If he misbehaves
Out he goes.

While in that room,
You're supposed to do
Nothing but Botany,
And Zoology too.

When no teacher is there,
If you take a look
Most students have
A Biology book.

But if you look more closely
You'll likely see
They're reading "Nifty,"
Or likely "Breezy."

But Mr. Brogden
Is on to their ways,
He'll catch them red-handed
One of these days.
— "Bug."



Early Morning Ordeal

By Jo McCormick

It is stated in some journals of health and other medical declarations that if you are cheerful before and during breakfast you will feel better all day.

I wholly agree with this truth but feel that any individual who could be happy at this hurried, cold period must be an habitual smiler.

The hardest part of this ordeal is waking up. A bellowed "Gir-r-u-uls" is the usual sound which meets the ears of my sister and me at around seven-thirty every morning. Some times my rousing is speeded by the impetuous kicks or hair pulling of my young brother to the accompaniment of "The buth ith coming!"

To brighten my downcast spirits I turn on my radio and hear: "Are you tired, nervous,

and run-down? Don't take pills, don't take tonic, just buy a plot in the Sunnycres Graveyard." As this isn't quite to my liking, another station yields the details of a disastrous two-bus collision. This makes me so happy when I consider the daily bus rides I take going to and from school.

While taking a cold shower to finish the job of waking me up, (everything is cold in the morning, it seems) I study the clothes problem. Usually I end up wearing the same thing as I did the day before.

Descending the stairs, I hear that I have forgotten to turn off the radio, and stagger up again under the weight of my books which I haven't had time (or taken any) to study from. Retracing my steps I finally reach the breakfast table.

"You're late again, and the coffee's all gone," says my mother. Before I have time to protest, the screech of brakes and the vigorous tooting of a horn greets my ears. The bus is here!

Why should I be talking about being cheerful before breakfast? I never have time to be cheerful or have breakfast either!



The Storm

By June Randall

The dark and threatening storm clouds rolled up and hung heavily in the western sky. A gusty breeze rustled through the grass and sent small whirlwinds of dust rolling across the yard. The wise farmer raised an anxious eye to the menacing heavens and shook his grey head. He then quickly proceeded to unhitch his faithful horses and hurry to the barn. The animals also sensed the coming storm. Instinctively the soft-eyed cows from the daisy-studded meadow made their way to the bars and gazed longingly over. The restless birds circled and soared in the darkening heavens. In the distance the rolling of thunder drew nearer and the lightning became more vivid. Frightened chickens scurried for protection.

The wind rose to greater proportions. The thunder and the lightning drew nearer. Large drops of rain fell with surprising violence. The storm had come. The countryside became blurred, and trees bowed like broken souls in the path of the gale. Torrents of rain dashed down, filling ditches and beating impatiently upon roofs. The lightning flashed and lit up the sky with its brilliance. Thunder sounded in great claps. The storm was at its greatest height and fury.

Night drew on. The storm gradually blew itself out. A fine rain still fell. The great clouds in the western sky showed a golden edge. The sky became a panorama of breathtaking beauty. The sun in all its glory beamed upon the dripping countryside. In the southern sky was an exquisite rainbow.

Autumn

By Kenneth Chalk

Autumn is the most beautiful season of them all. There are many different scenes, happenings and games that are held in fall or autumn. I think some people even feel better when autumn rolls around, but there are always people who do not like to see it come.

The animals in autumn are very busy. The squirrel is busy running around hunting nuts and storing them in a safe place for future use in the winter that will soon fall on them. Every now and then you see a flock of wild geese fly over. Probably their destination is Jack Miner's sanctuary near Kingsville. The geese flying south are a sure sign of cold weather approaching.

The leaves are in their full splendour in the autumn. Yellow, red, orange, brown and even some green, are all blended together to give you the finest sight you have ever seen. Then comes the work of raking up the dead leaves and burning them while the chestnuts pop as they get hot.

Of course every fall there is the annual fair. People come from miles around to show their livestock, produce and fowl. There is always the midway with the merry-go-round, ferris wheel, chair-a-plane and also the horse races. If you are in the eating mood, there are always popcorn, peanuts, taffy apples, hot dogs, hamburgs, pop and of course the day wouldn't be complete without some cotton candy.

A little later in the fall there is the ploughing match with farmers showing skill. They have horses, tractors and even oxen competing. There are all sorts of tractors, ploughs and all breeds of horses. The ploughing match, like all other things, would not be complete without rain but this does not frighten the people away.

In autumn a series of new games begins. The rugby games start out early in the fall. The games usually have many fans waiting for the first ball to be kicked. Then it is usually nip and tuck. It is interesting to watch the different kinds of plays that are staged trying to gain yards or get a touch down. There is very seldom a game when there isn't someone hurt but this is all part of the sport.

As soon as the leaves fall the little girls start to make leaf houses. This passes much time and it is always interesting to watch them lay out their houses.

For mother there is always the housecleaning to be done. She always puts me to work washing windows. The floors are always scrubbed, rugs vacuumed and everything in the house is usually clean by the time housecleaning is done. This always brings on a different feeling.

At the end of fall the last job that is always done is putting up the stove. After it is up and the fire going you feel like pulling a chair and hibernating for the winter.

Prophecy

By Jean Downer

April 13, 1969.

Dear Diary:

To-day I had to make an urgent trip to Petrolia to my new air-port that is under construction.

As I landed my jet plane I was astonished to see one of my old school friends, Bob "Bug" O'Dell, who was down at the air-port to meet some friends coming by plane to a coke-tail party. It seems he was having an alumni party at his mansion on "Sutherland Road," named after Norm., now successful hair stylist in New York.

After several minutes the Dr. Fraleigh's arrived (Jo & Ross) from Pennsylvania, the archeologist David Stauff and his friends Leota and Ann and the renowned pro hockey player, Ron Lennan, and his wife Leone.

We took Bob's auto, chauffeured by Ron Warwick, to the mansion. Ron's wife, the former Shirley Duncan, is the maid in the O'Dell kitchen.

O diary, I was so shocked at the changes in Petrolia. Stew. O'Brien and June Donald have opened a restaurant called "Stew a June." Mary Jean Pritchard's dancing school is very successful too since the physical training teachers at P.D.H.S. no longer feel able to teach the pupils the ever popular "charlatan." Further down the street I spied an impressive building whose neon sign blinked out "Southcott's Bowling and Billiard Academy." Could this be Jack the "poolroom pulchritude of 1949." On glancing in we noticed the familiar face of Jack and further down the alley was Donna setting up pins.

Modern as Petrolia may be it cannot boast a modern garbage disposal, for Mrs. Doman (nee Helen Lewis) was placing her platinum plated garbage can on her boulevard.

We turned down a tree lined avenue and saw before us the beautiful mansion of Bob and Joan. The unusual landscape and mansion, Bob informed us, was created under the masterful pen, or should we say rules, of Pat Sutherland.

Chief gardeness Lou Ford was cutting the lawn, one blade at a time, with the lawnmower she had just patented. The lawnmower appeared to me not unlike the scalpel of biology days.

The Brass Door, reminding the illustrious owner daily of Brass Rail, was opened by the butler whom we immediately recognized as Keith Callender, and standing beside him was Ann Blacklock taking our wraps.

From the Ball Room, the strains of the "Missouri Waltz" intermingled with "Red Rhythm Valley" floated to our ears. We per-

ceived at one end of the ornate room the dance band of Tom Bicknell and his Rhythmical Eight. We recognized among his aggregation his brother Len, solo trumpapist, Jim White, labouring over the drums, Dorothy Johnston playing bass viol, and Florence Portsmouth on the piccolo. At the other end of the room Roma on her Magic Violin was conducting her all girl orchestra ably assisted by John Kuchta.

Mr. and Mrs. Wes. Williams hustled through the arch with their three children, Art, Bill, and Joyce. It seemed that young Bill was suffering from a severe toothache and it wasn't long until Mary had procured the services of the renowned dentist, Dr. Cunningham, to relieve the child of his suffering.

Ralph Johnston arrived still wearing his surplice, accompanied by his wife Marilyn. It seems that he had just married Barbara Stauff - Earl Hillis and Lois Shaw - Bloss"om" Sutherland in a double ceremony. Mrs. Johnston was wearing an orchid corsage. It seems that with Barbara working on the Labour Gang at Polymer and Lois driving a "Canadian Oil" gasoline truck they were able to pay Rev. Johnston well.

In due time, Hugh McKellar arrived from Bug's private Chapel. Hughie is both playing the organ and presiding at all services.

Circulating among the guests we overheard a conversation of a group standing near the punch bowl. We recognized the local banker, Ted Scott, and his wife Norma, Bob Steadman and Marie and Lyle Steadman and Marie Park. Ted and Bob were deep in conversation concerning a loan, while Lyle looked furtively about in search of er-er customers.

I deeply regretted having to leave without saying "hello" to all my former friends, but looking at my watch I realized I had to be in my New York office in 20 minutes for an appointment. Gulping my last drink, I handed Keith my coke bottle, bade my host and hostess good-bye and boarded a taxi driven by John Core.

Leaving Petrolia far behind we entered the suburb of Wyoming and noticed the celebrated Road House "The Half Moon" which is incidentally half Moon's, (Howard Jackson) and half Ramona Lasseline's.

At the air port I spied none other than Jim Kimmerly and Shirley French, the famous team of grease monkeys checking my plane before flight.

Bidding these former classmates good-bye I boarded my plane and arrived in time for my appointment.

Now, dear diary, I will close for another day, but before I do I want to say I hope it won't be too many years before the former P. D.H.S. students can get together and recall almost forgotten memories.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

(continued from page 21)

fishly, all that was offered to us. To us comes the challenge to live and the responsibility of making our lives a monument to all that has gone into making them what they are.

In saying farewell to the school we commend to the hands of the undergraduates the traditions and honour of the school and suggest that they make full use of the opportunities which it offers to them. While we are strangely saddened at breaking old ties we must turn to the future, for there are now within our lives new forces which weren't there when we entered the school. There is the inspiration given by the energy expended by the teachers to enable us to pass the examinations; there is the added inspiration of some particular teacher's special help to us; there are bits of personality gained over the years from contact with teachers; there are attitudes gained from the school and there are special responsibilities to parents who have sacrificed for us. All these and more have been added to our lives, making us eternally grateful and urging us on to greater things that our lives might not be only receivers of these gifts but might be living tributes to them.



Miss Rose: "Give the principal parts of 'fleo'."

Jack Monteith: "Fleo, fleece, itchie, scratchum."

Miss Jones: "Callander, conjugate the verb 'to laugh'."

Keith: "je smile, tu giggle, il laugh, nous roarons, vous splitez, ils bustent."

Shirley: "I hear that White is quite a lady killer."

Jim: Yes, he starves them to death."

Mr. Strobl's car arrived at a toll bridge.

Attendant: "50 cents."

Mr. Strobl: "Sold."

It's no disgrace to die poor, but it's a dirty trick on the relatives.

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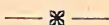
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WYOMING

ONTARIO

MUSICAL EVENINGS



Once again this year four concerts sponsored by the Ontario Department of Education were brought to our school. We are one of the selected schools who have been given the chance to hear these skilled artists.

FIRST CONCERT

The first concert was given on Oct. 11, 1949. One of the artists was John Coveart, a Toronto-born pianist, who showed outstanding ability in both his technique and his style. Mr. Coveart, still in his early twenties, won the gold medal for the highest marks in Canada in the Associateship Exams of the Royal Conservatory of Music a few years ago and has since won two or three valuable scholarships. He is frequently heard on coast to coast broadcasts of the CBC. He played Chopin's Ballade in G Minor, "Prelude" by Rachmaninoff, and "Recordanza Variations" by Izerny.

We were favoured also with the lovely contralto voice of Nancy Whitehead, also of Toronto. She has studied singing at the Royal Conservatory of Music since her discharge from the W. R. C. N. S. She has won awards in the Kiwanis Music Festival and this past summer attended the Banff School of Fine Arts.

Her rendition of two German, a French, and Italian songs certainly showed that only many hours of hard study produce such a class of music.

We also heard two modern selections, "The Year's at the Spring," by Reach, "Velvet Shoes," by Thompson, "Down by the Sally Gardens," an Irish folk song, and Bridge's "Love Went A-Riding."

A native of Regina, diminutive Erica Lenter began her study of the violin when she was eleven years old. Scholarships enabled her to continue her studies at Toronto where she is working under Kathleen Parslow. Her violin interpretations of the works of such famous composers as Tschaikowsky, Kreisler, and Francoeur were much appreciated. The fine tonal qualities of her instrument were particularly well shown in the Slavonic "Fantasy" by Dvorak-Kreisler, "At the Canelviak" by Gardner.

The fourth artist, Robert Sturgens, a very talented baritone, who during the war years was often heard with the R.C.A.F. Band over the Halifax broadcasting station, and also appeared in many Ontario centres with the Camp Borden R.C.A.F. Band. Mr. Sturgens has a wide voice range, singing with exceptionally clear diction and a rich musical tone. Among his numbers were "Clarinda" by Morgan, "Linden Lea" by Vaughn Williams, and "Captain Fancy," a rollicking song by Taylor.

SECOND CONCERT

The second concert was held on Nov. 15. There was a large audience to see and hear the four outstanding musicians: Mary McDonald, concert pianist and lyric soprano; Josephine Chrichman, violinist; Mary Alice Rogers, soprano; and Arthur Sclater, baritone soloist.

Mary McDonald has already won recognition by the world's leading musicians and critic's for her marked ability at the piano. She played selections from Bach, Strauss, and Rossini which stamped her as being very brilliant and most highly gifted both technically and musically. She also accompanied the three other artists.

Mr. Sclater captured his audience in singing Gilbert and Sullivan's pieces. He sang with great dramatic effect "I've Got a Little List" and the "Mikado's Song" from the Mikado, and "A Policeman's Lot is not a Happy One" from the Pirates of Penzance. He also sang "Lord God of Abraham" by Mendelssohn, a ballad "Drake Goes West" and an old South of England folk song "Twelve Rays of Christmas."

Mary Alice Rogers, who was born in London, Ontario, made her first public appearance at three. She has made great progress in the musical world and her powerful voice rich in tonal qualities has frequently been heard over CBS. She gave us a couple of early English songs, "To the Queen of Heaven" by Dunhill and "The Little Shepherd's Song" by Watts. Her folk songs were "The Lass with a Delicate Air" and Irish, "I Know Where I'm Going" a Hebridean song, and the well known "Loch Lomond."

A lovely native of Edmonton, Josephine Chrichman presented her numbers on the violin in a highly talented manner. They included works of such well known composers as Mendelssohn, Kriesler, Schubert and Monte. Her little explanations in each instance added much to the pleasure of her renditions.

THIRD CONCERT

The third concert was held on Dec. 6. On account of the bad weather and also because examinations were taking place that week, the usual big crowd did not attend. But those who did heard Canada's most popular string quartet led by Maurice Solway of Toronto, and selections by talented pianist Mary Syme. The Solway Quartette is composed of Maurice Solway and Jack Groob, violins; Robert Warburton, viola, and Marcus Adeney 'cello, all of whom are members of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Adeney explained the quartet and showed how the instruments combine as do voices to produce the harmony of soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.

The quartet opened with Walton's Quartet in A. Walton an English composer is not so well known on this continent but the playing of his Quartet by excellent artists as the Solway ensemble, certainly endears him to music lovers. The quartet was joined by Miss Syme in a spirited performance of a Schumann's "Piano Quintet Op. 44." With the haunting strains of Kerns the lively Arkansas jig or the romantic notes of "Loch Lomond" these artists seemed very much at home and always the harmonies produced were faultless.

Mary Syme of Hamilton won an oration for her rendition of Chopin selections. Her encore, "Music Box," was delightful and here again the light fairy-like touch of the artist showed her perfection.

FOURTH CONCERT

The final concert was held in the Town Hall on Tuesday, January 24th. The largest crowd of the season attended and were rewarded with an outstanding program.

Harry Feldman (Lawrence Felton) a former Petrolia boy, was one of the visiting artists. He is now in his second year at the Royal Conservatory Opera School, Toronto, and has appeared in leading roles in their operatic productions. He also broadcasts over the CBC at intervals, and does considerable recital work. Two of his numbers, all of which were well received, were the "Song of the Toreador" from "Carmen" and "Old Man River." Other selections included "It is Enough," from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "Zeignung" by Richard Strauss, and "Aprile" by Tosti.

Perhaps most popular entertainer of the evening was Leopoldine Pichler, coloratura soprano, who charmed her listeners completely. Her lovely, lilting voice was at its best in the folk songs of her native Austria which she left in 1934, and in English folk songs. In these she accompanied herself on the zither and was dressed in native costume. The range of her voice and its flexibility were well displayed in Chopin's "The Maiden's Wish," Strauss' "Voices of Spring" and a selection of Rossini.

An astonishing performance on the violin was given by youthful Stephan Staryk, who at 17 years has won a long list of medals and musical awards. Since he was ten years of age he has appeared as soloist in concerts and recitals at the Royal Conservatory. His playing of the lengthy sonata, "The Devil's Trill," by Tartini was featured by double stops and trills. His exceptional ability was also noted in another difficult number from Paganini.

At the piano, Katherine Irwin proved a competent soloist as well as an excellent accompanist. A native of London, she achieved her A.T.C.M. at the age of 16 and following a short teaching experience she has made a name for herself in musical circles, particularly in her playing of Chopin's music.

MUSICAL DOUBLE TALK

For Sentimental Reasons.....Homework
 Sooner or Later.....Detentions
 Oh! What It Seemed To Be.....50% in Math.
 You Keep Coming Back Like a Song.....Exams
 Seems Like Old Times.....School after holidays
 They Say It's Wonderful..Finishing homework
 Surrender Mr. Fox
 Doin' What Comes Naturally..Skipping Classes
 Five Minutes More.....Assembly
 I Don't Know Enough About You.....Algebra
 I'd Be Lost Without You.....Mr. Dukelow
 To Itch His Own.....
Tom Bicknell's Long Underwear
 That Old Black Magic.....Physics
 I Wish I Could Tell You.....French Translation
 Gotta Make Up For Lost Time...Review Week
 Your Driving Me Crazy.....History Exam
 I'll Never Be The Same.....
After Gym Class with J. S.

MODEL BOY OF P. D. H. S.

1. Physique of Jim Kimmerly
2. Clothes of Ron Lennan
3. Hair of Jim Wolsey
4. Eyes of..... Dave Stauff
5. Smile of Pat Sutherland
6. Friendliness ofKeith Callender
7. Personality ofRoss Fraleigh
8. Wittiness ofBob McKay
9. Dancing Ability of.....Jack Southcott
10. Athletic Ability of.....Norm. Sutherland
11. Intelligence ofHugh McKellar
12. Musical Ability of.....Len. Bicknell

MODEL GIRL OF P. D. H. S.

1. Physique of.....Gayle Richmond
2. Clothes ofShirley Hunter
3. Hair of.....Lois Shaw
4. Eyes of.....Jo McCormick
5. Smile of.....Joan Dawson
6. Friendliness of.....Doris Vokes
7. Personality of.....Barbara Canton
8. Wittiness ofJean Downer
9. Dancing Ability of.....Shirley French
10. Athletic Ability of.....June Thompson
11. Intelligence of.....Audrey Anne Lewis
12. Musical Ability of.....Barbara Stauff

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Len. Bicknell: "I asked her if I could see her home."

Jim Cunningham: "And what did she say?"

Len.: "She said she would send me a picture of it."

— o —

Tiny Daughter: "Momma what are men?"

Mother: "Men are what women marry."

T.D.: "We don't get much choice, do we?"

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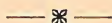
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WYOMING

ACTIVITIES



THE DRAMA CLUB

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages," said William Shakespeare, whose name is to millions a synonym for the best in drama. His division of the lifetime of man might very well be applied to the history of drama. Let us see how it works out:

"At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

Any child, recounting the day's activities at the supper-table, is unconsciously acting as he imitates the tones in which his teacher told him to stand in the corner. Are children together long before they begin to play house, copying their parents' voices and phrases? So we can imagine the cave-man mimicking the other hunters as he tells his wife over the camp-fire about "the buffalo that got away."

But the formal dramas of the ancient peoples were at first interwoven with religion. Interesting as are the early dramas of India, Egypt, and Babylonia, the most important ancient drama is that of Greece, since from it we can trace the course of our own theatre. Comedy dates back to rural merry-making at harvest time; tragedy began at religious festivals, where at first a single character chanted the attributes of the god; later a second actor was added, while a chorus backstage commented and moralized on their declamations.

Athens was fortunate in possessing a natural amphitheatre so formed that the voice of a speaker at the centre could be heard easily even at the topmost tier. Here masked actors presented tragedies based on the Trojan war, at the spring festival of the wine-god Dionysus; here the brilliant satires of Aristophanes on anything from the law-courts to ladies' make-up ridiculed politicians and new ideas. So play-conscious did the Athenians become that the state paid the admission of citizens too poor to attend the theatre, that they might capably judge the new plays presented.

"And then the whining schoolboy, with
his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping
like snail
Unwillingly to school."

In the Middle Ages, drama went to school. The Church, in an effort to present to illiterate, toiling peasants, the truths of religion, used an ancestor of visual education — the mystery play. The parables, the creation, the fall of man, were dramatized so that the people could understand them. At first these plays

were acted by priests in the church porch; then they were taken into the market-place, where a larger crowd could see them. Morality plays dealt with the everyday problems of the onlookers. Satan was an indispensable character in such plays, and his defeats were calculated to amuse the audience, the better to drive home the moral. Some plays were taken from town to town in three-tiered wagons, the upper stage representing Heaven, the middle stage earth, while Satan held court in the lower tier.

"And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

In the history of drama, the second and third ages are reversed.

The Roman theatre demanded comedies with love-scenes and happy endings. The populace was not interested in such sissy spectacles as plays; any day they could see in the arena, free of charge, fights to the death between gladiators, chariot races in which rules were considered to cramp the drivers' style, or a hungry tiger tranquilly munching a martyr. After growing up amid such pleasant diversions, who would go to a stuffy old play? The wealthy patrons of the arts formed much of the audience of the Roman theatre, and the plays were composed on Greek models, but were not to require any thinking by the audience.

". . . the soldier, . . .
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in
quarrel. . ."

In sixteenth-century England, the theatre had to fight for its life. No theatre might be built within the walls of London; the Puritans bitterly opposed the idea of one man impersonating another. Also, the theatre gave pleasure to the people; therefore it was bad, and must be curbed. No woman might show her face inside a theatre; actors were automatically wicked and debased; plays were sinful, sin caused plagues, therefore plays caused plagues. The interest of the queen and of the nobility in the theatre did not make it any more respectable.

In the face of all this opposition, plays and actors had to be good; for the working people, who formed the bulk of the audience, stood under the open sky for two or three hours to see a play; and they demanded their money's worth — hadn't they paid a whole penny to enter? Nor were they backward in expressing their feelings with hoots and with such missiles as rotten apples. Shakespeare, Marlowe, Jonson — such writers as these produced plays that have lasted through nearly four centuries, under the stress of these troubled times.

"And then the justice,
"The sixth age shifts
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd
With eyes severe and beard of formal
cut. . . ."

We apply the picture of the prosperous man to the drama of the nineteenth century. Still, many people would no more have entered a theatre than they would have jumped into a furnace; they felt that, after doing the former, it was only a question of time until one did the latter. But after David Garrick made it possible for respectable women to attend the theatre and even to become actresses, a galaxy of famous names appeared on theatre-fronts: Mrs. Siddons, Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt, Edmund Kean, Sir Henry Irving, to name only a few. With the twentieth century, Barrie, Galsworthy, Shaw, and a host of other playwrights began to dramatize the problems of their day.

Into the lean and slippered pantaloons. . . . who gradually realizes that he is not the man he used to be. This age may be compared to the last half-century, which has witnessed the invention of the moving picture. Especially after the introduction of talkies, the new discovery bade fair to revolutionize the drama. Indeed, in the hands of actors like Sir Laurence Olivier, the screen far excels in reality of presentation any possible effort of the legitimate stage. But, because of the great expense involved in production, the vast majority of movies are planned so that the largest possible paying audience will see them—and this audience seldom wants to think. Therefore, many of the plots are childish, and it has been very aptly said that "Today's stars may have either Technicolor or a plot." But no one denies the movies' great potentialities; if we could only see more at their best!

"Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
everything."

If you think this is a little harsh on the Drama Club, come down to the auditorium some Wednesday, tenth period, and use your own judgment. The Club has about 35 members, under the capable direction of Miss Jones. Again this year, Jim Cunningham is president, Ann Blacklock secretary. Other officials include Keith Callender, vice-president; Mary M. Brown, treasurer; Hugh McKellar, publicity and business manager. Form representatives arrange one number apiece for each programme: Aldene Gadsby, XIII; Dave Stauff, XII AB; Donna Font, XII CD; Colleen Moran, XI CD; Ann Howlett, XI AB.

At Commencement the one-act play "Not Tonight," was enthusiastically received at both performances. No wonder! Charlene Allan trying to extract a proposal from Bob McKay, while Ann Blacklock, her sleep-walking mother, accused him of climbing in her window in 1906, and Keith Callender, her somnambulist father, threatened him with a huge wooden cutlass; and Barbara Stauff enacting Juliet and Lady Macbeth in her sleep, would have made any play a hit. Perhaps we should

thank Mrs. McKay for painting the green spots on the red pajamas in which Bob finally did propose — he also being a sleep-walker.

At the Drama Night, held in March, the highlights were a presentation of the Quarrel Scene from *Julius Caesar* by Dave Stauff and Bob McKay, and the Sleep-walking scene from *Macbeth*, with Barbara Stauff taking the star part. (Can't that girl ever stay awake on stage?) Instrumental solos and duets, dances, performances by the double trio, and the singing in French of "General de Gaulle's March" by the Club combined to make an interesting and enjoyable evening.

The weekly programmes through the year have been quite creditable, although they have been assembled on the principle, "Let not one room rep. know what another doeth."

Pantomimes and playlets have been presented by all the classes concerned, while individuals have contributed solos and readings. The piano in particular deserves votes of thanks and confidence, since it withstands at least two cases of determined assault and battery every week.

The aims of the Drama Club are to provide a period of wholesome enjoyment each week and to train each member to feel at home on the stage. Are these ideals being realized? Well, you were at Drama Night, weren't you? What do you think?

THE HISTORY CLUB

This organization differs from other clubs in that it has no formal organization. It consists of a group of Grade IX students who hope to increase their knowledge of British History, not so much from love of the subject as from an ill-concealed fear of the examination paper.

The first term was devoted to listening to a novel about Shakespeare's England. The remainder of the year will be spent, according to present plans, in the preparation of stories about famous men of Modern Britain. It is hoped that each student will present the product of his labours to the remainder of the group, in the form of a speech. These little masterpieces will then be filed away to serve as models and sources of information for future Grade niners.

THE CAMERA CLUB

Executive: President, Bruce McCallum; secretary, Elsie Broadbent; treasurer, Dorothy Johnston. Committee — Charles Knight, Bob Thompson, Marie Park.

Our Club is not very old, just having started last year, and is under the guidance of Miss McKinley. Jim Kimmerly could be called our technical adviser as it is he we call on whenever we have a problem.

Since our Club is quite young we do not have too much equipment. Therefore our major project for the year is to raise money to buy an enlarger. To raise this money we are holding a dance in March.

We are divided into three groups with the committee members as leaders of the groups. These groups each have a different activity every week, namely printing or developing pictures, taking pictures, or mounting pictures which have been taken by the club.

We are looking forward to learning many new things about photography, such as colouring our own prints, taking pictures with colour film, taking portraits and retouching negatives.

The Camera Club is prepared to take a photograph of anyone, or anything anywhere in the school at any time, and do the complete processing of the picture in their own dark room.

THE CALF CLUB

The P.D.H.S. Calf Club has the following objects:

1. To create interest in the care and management of cattle and try to improve on the methods used.
2. To develop a better general knowledge of breed type, judging and selection of cattle.
3. To encourage the keeping of better livestock.

This year the Calf Club will be divided into two groups. The senior group will consist of boys or girls in Grade 10 or former Calf Club members.

The executive of this group is: President, Bill Fraser; vice-president, Jim Maitland; secretary, Henry Feenstra.

The junior group consists of boys and girls from Grade 9. Their executive is: President, Lorne Shaw; vice-president, Jack Anderson; secretary, Helen Strangway.

Each member is required to feed and care for one calf during the club year; to study recommended practices of feeding and management and keep cost records.

The calves are exhibited at the Petrolia Fair after which the club members receive prizes.

These prizes are awarded on the basis of work done during the year.

Last year the Petrolia Lions Club, the P.D.H.S. School Board, the Petrolia & Enniskillen Fair Board and the Dept. of Agriculture contributed prize money to the club.

The Club is directed by Mr. Harold Dukelow, Agric. teacher, and Mr. Clarence Bodkin chairman of the Boys' and Girls' Committee of the Lions Club.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

At the time of writing this article, the French Club is still in its infancy, and it has yet no set pattern of activity. Officers elected some time ago have had but few duties; but, remember, they have to speak in French! Keith Smith, our president, often leads meetings or sees to the distribution of materials; Roma Richmond, our secretary, calls the roll and records the replies of "Present!" or "Presente!"; and Leota Wolsey, our treasurer, stands ready to handle any moneys which we may amass. English is spoken only when absolutely necessary for comprehension.

Much time is spent in singing songs — "En passant par la Lorraine," "A la claire fontaine," "Sainte Nuit," for example. Games also are played with much enthusiasm; if you hear gusts of laughter coming from Room 5 some Monday activity-period, you may assume we are enjoying a French number game, or else the popular "Cache Objet."

As festivals come round (we have celebrated at Hallowe'en and at Christmas) we discuss French terms for familiar symbols; and throughout our meetings we try to get a French flavor into everyday knowledge.

Short talks on French life are given (Doris Brock gave us a well-prepared paper at a recent meeting), and French magazines are examined. Our latest project is practice for French playlets we hope to present to the school before long.

"Levons-nous," dit Monsieur le President, "et chantons 'Dieu Sauve le Roi'." Voila! La reunion du Cercle Francais est terminee encore une fois.

THE GARDEN CLUB

This year as part of the home project work in Agriculture a Garden Club was organized. The executive are Jim Webb, president, and Carl Shain, vice-president; Ilene Le Conte, secretary; Mr. H. Dukelow, director.

The object of the club is to increase the interest in and the knowledge of gardening.

Members will be required to plant and care for a garden during the summer, then exhibit their produce on Achievement Day.

Prizes will be given for the best gardens and exhibits.

THE TRACTOR CLUB

The boys of Grade X who are interested in their tractors have organized a Tractor Club.

The object of the club is to give the boys some knowledge of the principles and parts of an internal combustion engine and the care and maintenance of the farm tractor.

Some 16 boys meet once a week with Mr. H. Dukelow for this.

President, Jack Dunlop; vice-president, Cameron McLean; secretary, George Hext.

SOCIETAS LATINA

President Laurentia Lassaline

Secretary-Treasurer Joan Dawson

The Latin Club, confined this year to Grade X students, chose for its motto "Non Scholae Sed Vitae" (not for School only, but for Life). This appreciation of Latin, as it pervades all branches of study and reading, is the aim of the Latin Club.

The fall term included a study of Roman Customs, Latin Songs, and Christmas Carols sung in Latin, the language in which many of them were originally written. Christmas Cards carrying the message "Gaudium et Laetitia" (Joy and Gladness) were made by the members and sent to their friends.

A Latin version of Red Ridinghood, a play much enjoyed by the players, stars Rubra Cuculla and the Lupus — the latter a Latin-speaking wolf complete with toga and "whistle."

February meetings include the making of Valentines of the "Te Amo" variety, and in March, the Club will endeavour to base its "Ides of March" program upon the Grade X study of Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

Let us hope our small group will continue to derive profit and pleasure from their efforts this year.

CHOIRS

Tenth period Wednesday sees mobs of Grade IX and X girls jamming the east stairs down to the music room. Boys duck into the nearest doorway to escape the mad onrush, for there is no place for them once the mob is inside the music room door. The seventy-five songsters head for the first empty seat, then fill up the bench at the side; from there the extra girl either shoves another into half a seat or tries to make herself comfortable standing. A chord from the piano and the noise of choirs and shuffling feet suddenly changes into song, and before many minutes, a tune makes itself heard through the halls. Three-part harmony then soars forth for thirty minutes until suddenly, with the bell, it is again lost in the bedlam of home-heading students. This period, once a week, constitutes the Junior Choir. Almost half of the room is soprano and the rest is divided into mezzos and altos. Occasionally they are divided into four parts, the top part singing a very high soprano. At Commencement one of their pieces, "Now the Day is Over," was done in four parts and proved quite effective. Also for Commencement Miss Rumley arranged two rounds for the choir: "The Wind in the Willows" and "Heigh-Ho," both having the choir divided into its three sections. Now they are working on Negro Spirituals for Open House.

The Senior Choir, consisting of about forty voices, practices in the Music Room Mondays in the tenth period. This time boys are also ushered down and once inside, form our tenor and bass sections. The girls divide into so-

pranos and altos and blend with the boys' voices to form a four-part mixed chorus. While some of the singers couldn't read music a year and a half ago, they are fast achieving this art, making it possible to learn pieces in much less time. This year for Commencement the bass and tenors joined forces to sing the lover's part of the Highland Laddie and sopranos and altos united to be his girl. The result was Fred Waring's arrangement of "Oh Where, Tell Me Where?" They made their first attempt at more modern music in "The Whiffenpoof Song" in four parts. They are now attempting "The Rose of Tralee" and would like to do "Cool Water" next. Perhaps these will be ready for Open House.

ORCHESTRA

Last year's Grade IX string classes have merged this year into one Grade X orchestra — strings plus a cornet. They are doing more advanced four-part work and at times, from the sounds that escape through the cracks under the door, they sound like a respectable school orchestra. They have four periods a week this year and have made great strides since September. At present they are being drilled in some rather complicated bowings.

Adding to the queer sounds coming from the basement are the efforts of the Grade IX string classes. Eight boys and twenty-three girls have ventured into this noble endeavor and should be congratulated on their valor. Classes in Room 1 should also be congratulated for their concentration during orchestra classes.

LEATHERCRAFT CLUB

Last fall this Club was organized in our school for those students who were interested in this handcraft. At the organization meeting, the officers were chosen as follows: president, Mary Jean Pritchard; secretary, June Thompson; treasurer, Wilda Bryson.

The making of leather articles is probably one of the oldest crafts of mankind — older than written history itself. Leather has been used by man for protection, adornment, and for covering and transporting his possessions.

Mediaeval people formed special guilds to protect and promote the use of leather as a material for art and industry. They used leather for shoes, clothes, drinking vessels, shields, books, crests and drums. The modern interior decorator has recognized the decorative qualities of leather and has used it for draperies, lampshades and wall coverings.

These are a few of the ways in which man has used leather in his journey from the cave to the skyscraper.

It is the purpose of the Leathercraft Club to perpetuate this handcraft in the making of useful leather articles. Change purses, comb cases, key cases, wrist watch bands, picture frames, blotter corners, book covers, wallets and belts are some of the products turned out by our club.

Compliments
of
Lambton-Kent Creameries

Ron. Warwick: "If I threw a kiss across the table, would you think me bold?"

Shirley Duncan: "Not at all, just plain lazy."

Mr. Fox: "Why are you late?"

Pat Sutherland: "Class started before I got here."

What is a grass widow?

A woman whose husband died from hay fever.

Said the toothbrush to the toothpaste in a moment of delight: "I'm going to give you a big squeeze when we meet on the bridge tonight."

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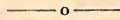


PHONE 87

PETROLIA

Miss Priest: "Joe, use the word 'cauterize' in a sentence."

Joe Hibbert: "I knew she was mine as soon as I caught her eyes."



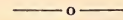
Mr. Brogden, as 10 GH leaves the Lab.:
"I call that my Boston class."
Mr. Fox: "How is that?"
Mr. Brogden: "Such poor beans!"

"Mummy, may I go in for a swim."

"Certainly not, my dear, it's far too deep."

"But daddy is swimming."

"Yes, but he's insured."



Miss Priest: "Use the word triangle in a sentence."

Jack Monteith: "If the fish won't bite on grasshoppers triangle worms."

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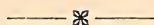




ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Left to Right — Colleen Moran, Dave Stauff, Miss McIver, Lloyd Zimmerman, Jean Downer, Jack Southcott.

ATHLETICS



REVIEW — 1949

In January Forest, Strathroy, Watford, and Petrolia formed a basketball league. The winner went on to further W.O.S.S.A. playoffs. In our loop there were three teams from each school which played on scheduled dates. They were: Senior Boys, Senior Girls and Junior Boys. The P.D.H.S. had a Junior Girls' team but not entered in the league. However, the exhibition games they did play proved they were winners as they won every one of them.

As for the Senior Boys, they won four out of six games of the schedule giving them a chance to go into the W.O.S.S.A. playoffs. Their first W.O.S.S.A. game was with Exeter High School at Petrolia. Petrolia emerged victorious with the score 39-25. When they journeyed to Exeter with their 14 point edge they suffered defeat to the tune of 52-31 and so lost the round 77-70.

The Senior Girls were not as fortunate as the boys. They won two out of six games of the schedule and the Watford girls came off champions in our league. When they entered the W.O.S.S.A. finals they lost to the Exeter Girls who proved a very fast and experienced team.

It was the first time our Junior boys had a team and in spite of their lack of experience they were the league winners, taking four out of five games. They went into the finals against Clinton and on the round lost by a total score point of 52-17.

Our teams were as follows:

Senior Boys: P. Sutherland, J. Wolsey, J. Southcott, R. Fraleigh, R. Smith, B. O'Dell, J. Anderson, B. Fraleigh, H. Corey.

Senior Girls: J. Dougall, D. Luno, M. J. Pritchard, J. Downer, M. Egan, A. Blonde, V. Simpson, S. Atkinson, R. Walker, A. Blacklock, J. Shannon.

Junior Boys: N. Sutherland, D. Armstrong, F. Scott, M. Campbell, B. Lucas, E. Luker, A. MacKenzie, H. Jackson, J. Butler, B. Pritchard, E. Dennis, Dave Stauff.

Junior Girls: L. Luno, J. Donald, G. Richmond, P. Bentein, A. Howlett, A. Tobias, L. Wolsey, B. Little, A. Cassan, H. Telfer, Charlene Allan, L. Shaw.

FIELD DAY

On Wednesday, September 28th, P.D.H.S. held its annual track and field meet. Unfortunately, it rained in the afternoon and the events had to be postponed until the following Friday afternoon.

The school was divided into two teams, Red and White, with the losing team paying 25 cents each to put on a dance for the win-

ners. The Whites won with a total of 234 points.

Points were awarded as follows: 1st, 5 points; 2nd, 3 points; 3rd, 2 points 4th, 1 point.

The individual champions and runners-up were as follows:

Senior Girls — June Thompson, 23 points; Alice Fowler, 5 points.

Senior Boys — Cliff Zavitz, 19 points; John Irwin, 15 points.

Intermediate Girls — Madeline Apps, 10 points; Leone Luno, 7 points.

Intermediate Boys — Norm. Sutherland, 15 points; Jim Wolsey, 10 points.

Junior Boys — Lloyd Zimmerman, 11 pts.; Verne Park, 8 points.

Juvenile Boys — Ken. Douglas, 16 points; Ross Churchill, 11 points.

The winners in the individual events were as follows (listed as first, second and third):

Senior Girls: Running broad jump—June Thompson, Shirley Atkinson and Pat Bentein. Standing broad jump—June Thompson, Dorothy Telfer and Aldene Gadsby. High Jump—June Thompson, Della Scott and Dorothy Telfer. Softball throw—Alice Fowler, June Thompson and Verna Simpson. Speed throw—Marg. Rawley, Marg. Blackstock and Donna Font; Verna Simpson, Aldene Gadsby and Barbara Stauff; Dorothy Telfer, Betty Brown and Florence Portsmouth. Dash—June Thompson, Aldene Gadsby and Pat. Bentein.

Senior Boys: High jump—Cliff Zavitz, Bruce McCallum and Lorne Dennis. Hop, step and jump—John Irwin, Jack Lumley and Lorne Dennis. Running broad jump—John Irwin, Cliff Zavitz and Jack Lumley. Pole vault—Lorne Dennis, Cliff Zavitz and Ray Luker. 100 yard dash—John Irwin, Cliff Zavitz and Jack Lumley.

Intermediate Girls: Running broad jump—Amelia Janicek, Edna Thompson and Leone Luno. Standing broad jump—Madeline Apps, Muriel Metcalf and Ann Howlett. High jump—Madeline Apps, Leone Luno and Joyce Shannon. Softball throw—Barbara Little, Leone Luno and Joyce Shannon. Speed throw—Donna Simpson, Joyce Shannon and Ann Howlett; Gayle Richmond, Leone Luno and Ann Tobias; Muriel Metcalf, Jo McCormick and Laurie Lassaline. Dash—Gayle Richmond, Ann Tobias and Amelia Janicek.

Intermediate Boys: High Jump—Howard Jackson, Angus MacKenzie and Don. Whiting. Hop, step and jump—Norm. Sutherland, Fred Scott and Howard Jackson. Running broad jump, Norm. Sutherland, Howard Jackson and Harvey Douglas. Pole vault, Jim Wolsey,

Earl Luker and Bill Goslin. Shot put—Jim Wolsey, John Madery and Roddy Hyatt. 100 yard dash, Norm. Sutherland, Don. Hunter and Don. Whiting.

Junior Girls: Running broad jump—Pauline Metcalfe, Betty Anne Greer. Standing broad jump—Shelagh Fitzgerald, Glenda MacKenzie and Kathryn McColl. High jump—Rosemary Case, Marion Zavitz, and Helen Randall. Softball throw—Pauline Metcalfe, Orma Adams, Rosemary Case. Dash—Pauline Metcalfe, Shirley Duncan and Anne Bradshaw. Speed throw—Helen Randall, Leota Wolsey, Shirley Duncan; Irene McAlpine, Betty Greer, Marie Reek, Pauline Metcalfe, R. Case and Rita Ford.

Junior Boys: High jump—Verne Park, Bob Weatherstone and John Rundle. Hop, step and jump—Don. McGuire, Lloyd Zimmerman and Lyle Bolton. Running broad jump—Phil. Hartley, Verne Park and Carl Whiting. Pole vault, Bill Tyrie. Shot put—Jim Maitland, Lloyd Zimmerman and Don. O'Brien. 100-yd. dash—Lloyd Zimmerman, John Rundle and Lyle Bolton.

Juvenile Boys: High jump, Ken. Douglas, Ross Churchill and Jack Moran. Hop, step and jump—Ken. Douglas and Ross Churchill. Running broad jump—Wayne Hyatt, Leonard Prevett and Ken. Douglas. Pole vault—Ken. Douglas, Henry Feenstra and Jacob Feenstra. 75-yard dash—Ross Churchill, Wayne Hyatt and Norm. Little.

Open Half Mile: Tom Bicknell and Howard Jackson.

DISTRICT FIELD MEET

The annual field meet with Forest, Strathroy, Watford and Glencoe was held in Glencoe this year. The Petrolia force was led by a band and ten cheer leaders: Barb. Stauff, Marie Egan, Lois Shaw, Jean Downer, Ann Blacklock, Charlene Allan, Gayle and Roma Richmond, Leota Wolsey and Mary Jean Pritchard.

In spite of all this encouragement, Petrolia wound up fourth in the standings.

Point winners for the girls were as follows:

SENIOR:

Broad jump—Shirley Atkinson 2nd.
Standing broad jump—June Thompson 2nd.
Relay—Second.

INTERMEDIATE:

Standing broad jump—Madeline Apps 3rd.
75 yard dash—Gayle Richmond 3rd.
Broad jump—Amelia Janicek 3rd.
Relay—Second.

JUNIOR:

High jump—Marion Zavitz 2nd.
Speed throw—Second.
Broad jump—Pauline Metcalfe 1st.
Distance throw—Betty Anne Greer.
Relay—Third.

Point winners for the boys were as follows:

SENIOR:

Pole vault—Lorne Dennis 1st.
High jump—Cliff Zavitz 2nd.
Shot put—Cliff Zavitz 2nd.

INTERMEDIATE:

100 yard dash—Don Hunter 1st.
High Jump—Howard Jackson 1st.
Open half-mile—Howard Jackson 3rd.
Relay—Third.

JUNIOR:

100 yard dash—Lloyd Zimmerman 1st.
High jump—Verne Park 1st; Bob Weatherstone 3rd.
Broad jump—Verne Parks 3rd.
Relay—Third.

JUVENILE:

High jump—Ken. Douglas 3rd.
Hop, step and jump—Ken. Douglas 2nd.
Broad jump—Wayne Hyatt 3rd.
Relay—Third.

JUNIOR RUGBY

The School's gridiron activity this year was confined to a home-and-home series with Wallaceburg High School.

The first game was played in Wallaceburg, Oct. 28, and the home team took a 10-5 win. It was a hard hitting, but cleanly played game. In the first half Wallaceburg piled up a seven point lead by virtue of a converted touchdown and a kick to the deadline. Many good gains by Petrolia were nullified by off-sides.

In the third quarter, Lang kicked a 25-yard placement to complete the scoring for Wallaceburg.

Petrolia made its best effort in the final quarter. "Buzz" Hyatt threw a 15-yard forward to "Butch" Lennan, who went 70 yards for a touchdown which went unconverted. After the kick-off Petrolia again passed their way down the field, but time ran out when they had the ball on Wallaceburg's 8-yard line.

The second game was played in Petrolia, November 14, and the home fans had something to cheer for when the home team jumped into an early 17-0 lead. However, the visitors fought back to tie the score midway through the final frame and go on to win 23-17.

It took only two plays for Petrolia to score their first touchdown. Wallaceburg kicked off deep to the home team. A long forward moved the ball well up the field and then "Phil" Hartley raced around the right end for the major score which was converted by "Butch" Lennan. The visitors kicked off again, and after a series of plays "Buzz" Hyatt, on a double reverse, carried over for another major and "Butch" Lennan added the extra point. This time Wallaceburg elected to receive, and worked the ball down to Petrolia's 28-yard line. Here they attempted a forward, but before it could be thrown, Lloyd Zimmerman broke through, grabbed the ball from the passer's hand, and raced 70 yards for the home team's final major. "Butch"

Lennan again converted. After some see-saw play in mid-field, a long kick by Burnham was fumbled, and Wallaceburg recovered. Lang then plunged through the centre of the line for a touch down which was converted. This made the score 17-6 at half time.

It took just five minutes of the second half for Lang to plunge across for another converted touchdown. The fourth quarter was half gone when Nixon added the third major for the visitors. The convert was good, tying the score. Petrolia then went on the offensive, but the attack bogged down on the Wallaceburg 25-yard line. A long punt by Burnham took the play deep in Petrolia's territory. On the first play Wallaceburg recovered a bad snap on the home team's 12-yard line, and two plays later had the winning touchdown which was converted to make the final score 23-17.

Teams:

Wallaceburg—Centre, Rupert; insides, McGregor, Pyne; middles, Bradburn, Williams; ends, McGaffery, Buchus; halves, Nixon, King; quarter, Lang; flying wing, Dalgety; full back, Burnham; alternates, Henderson, Schmidt, Mann, McKenzie, James, Burnett, Johnston, Frost, Leach, Molson, Huctwith.

Petrolia—Centre, Stauff; insides, McLean, Burgess; middles, Campbell, Marley; ends, Zimmerman, J. Butler; quarter, Monteith; full back, N. Sutherland; flying wing, Lennan; halves, Roberts, Hyatt; alternates, Penfound, Bolton, Southwell, Hunter Eskerod, Hriadel, Warwick, Webb, F. Scott, B. Scott, Hickson, Hartley.

INTER-FORM SPORTS

The House League was formed to give the boys in the different grades an opportunity to participate in sports. The only stipulation was that no boy who had the ability to be on a team that represented the school could take part in this competition. In the Fall, the different rooms in Grade 9 were organized into a Touch Rugby League. This was a "Double Elimination" schedule, which simply means that a team must be defeated twice before being dropped from further competition. The rest of the school, with the exception of Grades 12 and 13, were organized according to their P.T. squads into the Upper School League. Since there were so few boys in the two upper grades, only one team came from each grade. These games were played at the noon hour, with the result that 9D emerged victorious in their league while Grade 12 won the upper school.

Basketball is now underway with much the same system in operation. The first formers are in one league while the rest of the school comprises the other. The only difference is that in the Upper School League each class fields one team as compared to the squad system that was used during the autumn months for rugby.

GYMNASTICS

The girls and boys presented separate programs at our annual Commencement. The girls confined their efforts to tumbling, while the boys built pyramids, performed on the parallel bars and did some "Elephant Vaulting." All those taking part are to be congratulated on a fine performance.

The girls taking part were June Donald, Bonnie Loosemore, Leone Luno, Muriel Metcalf, Edna Thompson, Leota Wolsey, Harriet Gauld, Ann Howlett, Amelia Janicek, Laurie Lassaline, Barbara Little, Grace Luker, Annette Lunham, Yvonne Luno, Joyce Mackintosh, Vera McIntyre, Della Scott, Joyce Shannon and Shirley Waters.

The pyramid builders were Jim Burgess, John Core, Bruce Dewhirst, Henry Feenstra, Jacob Feenstra, Phil Hartley, Vladi Hriadel, Wayne Hyatt, Earl Luker, George Luker, Jack Lumley, Wayne Roberts, George Smith, Bill Tyrie Don. Whiting and Lloyd Zimmerman.

Those in the "Elephant Vaulting" were Lorne Dennis, Jim Kimmerly, Ray Luker and Jim Wolsey.

BASKETBALL

Three teams were entered in a W.O.S.S.A. grouping with Forest, Watford and Strathroy providing the opposition.

Girls: Gayle Richmond, June Donald, Barbara Little, Mary Jean Pritchard, Leone Luno, Joyce Shannon, June Thompson, Doris Vokes, Jean Downer, Pat Bentein, Anne Tobias and Muriel Metcalf.

Senior Boys: Jim Wolsey, Ross Fraleigh, Earl Luker, Pat Sutherland, Jack Southcott, Ross Little, Lorne Dennis, Murray Campbell, Cliff Zavitz, Jim White, and Howard Jackson.

Junior Boys: Jim Maitland, Fred Scott, Norm. Sutherland, Jim Butler, Dave Stauff, Bob Scott, Wayne Roberts, Les. Maw, Lloyd Zimmerman, Cameron McLean and Bill Maitland.

AT STRATHROY

Girls' Game

The girls from Petrolia took command of the game from the opening whistle and at half-time the score stood at 9-1 in their favor. The Strathroy girls possessed a great height advantage but the local girls offset this by a superior defensive game for the first half. In the second half of the game, the Strathroy girls settled down and played an improved game of basketball. Their passing and shooting proved more effective with the result that Petrolia's lead was cut down to 9-8. With only 2 seconds left in the game, a foul was called against Petrolia. It was an all-important shot but it failed, giving Petrolia a 9-8 victory.



SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row, left to right — Miss T. McIver, June Thompson, Pat. Bentein, Jean Downer (captain), Ann Tobias, Muriel Metcalf, Gayle Richmond.

Front Row, left to right — June Donald, Doris Vokes, Mary Jean Pritchard, Barbara Little, Joyce Shannon, Leone Luno,

Junior Boys' Game

The junior teams of both schools took to the floor for the second game. Here again, Strathroy had a definite height advantage but they lacked a co-ordinated attack as executed by their smaller opponents. From the outset, Petrolia gained the lead and never relinquished it. At half-time, the score stood at 20-9 and by the time the game ended Petrolia was ahead 32-17. Norm. Sutherland with 14 points and F. Scott with 10 were the top scorers of the game but they were closely followed by Walker and Bondalwicz of Strathroy with 7 points each.

Senior Boys' Game

The senior game started out as a close checking affair but as the Petrolia boys became more accustomed to the floor the game speeded up considerably. Petrolia led by 21-8 at half time and this was increased to 37-10 by the end of the game. For Petrolia Ross Fraleigh and Jack Southcott led the scoring parade with 10 and 13 points, while Pichard with 4 was the best for Strathroy.

AT HOME TO FOREST

Girls' Game

During the first quarter of the girls' game it appeared that Forest was going to "walk away" from the local team as the score registered 11-2 in their favor. However, with the opening whistle of the second quarter the girls of P.D.H.S. began to improve. In this surprising quarter, the visitors were held to two points while the home team gained 11. At half time it was a new ball game with the score tied at 13 all. During the last two quarters, Forest gained the lead and slowly added to their total by outscoring the locals 9-3 and 6-3 in the third and fourth quarters. Ann Fraleigh of F.D.H.S. was by far the best on the floor and her 14 points made the difference between the two clubs. For the locals, Leone Luno with 9 points led the scoring and was followed by B. Little with 4 points.

Junior Boys' Game

The junior game proved to be an easy win for the locals as they defeated the Forest Juniors 32-8. Petrolia had a definite height advantage and excelled in their passing and shooting attack. F. Scott and L. Maw, of Petrolia, accumulated 7 points each but the parade was led by J. Maitland who scored eight points. At the half, the Petrolians had run the score up to 18-3, added 6 more points in the third quarter, and completed the scoring with 8 additional points in the last quarter to end the hostilities with an easy 32-8 win.

Senior Boys' Game

The senior boys' teams provided most of the thrills and excitement for the afternoon and kept the fans in a frenzy for the entire game. Actually, the locals were lucky to come out with a win for with 15 seconds left in the game the score stood at 18-17 in Petrolia's favor. Forest gained possession and had several unsuccessful shots at Petrolia's basket. At this point the fans were almost hysterical

and the timer blew his whistle to end the game. However, the referee had blown his whistle a split second before the end of the game to call a foul against Petrolia, but it was drowned out by the clamor of the fans. Although the game was over, Forbes of Forest was awarded two free throws for the foul. The crowd was asked for silence and Forbes stepped into the "key" to take his shots. His first shot fell short and the second bounced off the rim. With this, a cheer burst forth that resounded throughout the school again and again. The game was a fine one to win, but a "heart-breaker" to lose. The score was 6-all at the end of the first quarter and 12-10 in favor of the locals at half-time. By the third quarter, P.D.H.S. still maintained a slim two-point margin with the locals hanging on at the final whistle to emerge victorious 18-17.

AT WATFORD

Girls' Game

In the opening minutes of the girls' game, it seemed inevitable that Watford emerge with a decisive victory. The Petrolia guards, usually the stronghold of the local team, became disorganized as Watford forwards pivoted successfully away from them to score several unguarded shots. At half time the score stood 19-2 in favor of Watford, and Petrolia had succeeded only in losing one guard. After the half, in which Petrolia had scored but two lone free throws, the local forwards came to life to score point-for-point with Watford. At game time, the score read 33-16 for Watford. Leone Luno sparked the Petrolia forward line by scoring a total of 14 points; Mary Jean Pritchard and Joyce Shannon each scored one point. For Watford, Beth Blain led the scoring with 16 points, followed by C. Patterson with 10 points and E. Demko with 7 points. Pat. Bentein starred on the local guard line and proved a menace to the forwards she guarded.

Junior Boys' Game

The game opened very slowly but by half-time showed Petrolia leading by 15-7. In the third quarter, Petrolia held the home team to 2 points while they were able to make 5. In the final quarter, Watford played their best basketball although they were outscored by 9-6. Thus, the final tabulation showed Petrolia Juniors 29, Watford Juniors 15. Petrolia led in the individual scoring with N. Sutherland making 9 points, J. Maitland with 7 and W. Roberts 6 points. For Watford, Szarka and Curtis showed to advantage.

Senior Boys' Game

The senior game was the most interesting game of the afternoon and although the team from Petrolia walked off the floor at the end of the game with the score 32-23 in their favor it was not until the last three minutes of the game that they pulled away from the opponents in the scoring race. The Red and White invaders completely outplayed Watford in the first few minutes of the game but after that it became very close until those last five minutes. Petrolia jumped into a 6-0 lead but by half time Watford had narrowed the margin



JUNIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row, left to right — Wayne Roberts, Bob Scott, Leslie Maw, Cameron McLean, Lloyd Zimmerman, Mr. Strobl.
 Front Row, left to right — Dave Stauff, Norm. Sutherland, Fred Scott, Jim Maitland, Jim Butler, Absent, Bill Maitland,

and were trailing by 18-17. However, in the next two quarters Watford was outplayed by a count of 6-3 and 8-3. Miller of Watford scored 10 of his team's 23 points and was by far the best the home team had to offer. Defensively, Wolsey, Southcott and Sutherland were outstanding, while Fraleigh with his 14 points led the scoring for Petrolia. Caese and Clark, along with Millier were Watford's best.

AT FOREST

Girls' Game

As soon as the girls' game began it appeared that Forest was going to completely dominate the play. In the first half alone, Anne Fraleigh had scored 11 points for Forest, with the result the girls of P.D.H.S. were trailing 15-3 at half time. In the second half however, Petrolia came to life and outscored the locals 15-6. The Petrolia guards effectively checked Anne Fraleigh while Leone Luno and Gayle Richmond went on a scoring spree. Between them they scored 12 points and kept the play in Forest's territory most of the time. Until this contest, Gayle had seen very little action but in this game she led the Petrolia team with 7 points. The game ended 21-18 in favor of Forest.

Junior Boys' Game

The boys' junior teams took to the floor for the first game which began very slowly. There was far too much fumbling and poor passing by both clubs with the result the first quarter ended with Petrolia leading 4-2. The invaders improved in the second frame and from this point on they slowly pulled away from their "Purple and White" opponents. Forest trailed 9-2 at the half and by the end of the contest Petrolia had a substantial lead of 12 points, winning the game 25-13. Fred Scott with 9 points won the scoring honours for Petrolia.

Senior Boys' Game

The Seniors played a hectic game which see-sawed back and forth from the opening whistle until the end with neither team gaining a definite margin. Forest led 7-4 at the quarter mark but when the boys walked off the floor at half time it was the Red and White team that held a slim 11-10 margin. With only one minute and 46 seconds left, Forest rooters were in raptures for their team led by one point and it was evident that they intended to "freeze the ball." At this point Cliff Zavitz, who had been used sparingly, stole the whole show by intercepting the ball and scoring a basket to put Petrolia out in front. Then Sid Fraleigh, of Forest, made victory certain for the Red and White squad by having a technical foul charged against his team. Pat Sutherland shot the ball perfectly into the basket and the game ended 23-21 for Petrolia. Pat Sutherland with 10 points led the scoring, closely followed by Boa of Forest with 9.

AT HOME TO STRATHROY

Junior Girls' Game

The Junior girls have no league in which to play, but they got a chance to show their wares when Strathroy brought along a junior team. Strathroy led 6-4 at half time, but the local girls outscored the invaders 11-6 in the last half to win by a count of 15-12. For Petrolia, G. MacKenzie, L. Wolsey, M. Kuchta and A. Howlett showed to advantage, while D. Lewis and D. Thomson formed the offensive combination for Strathroy.

Petrolia Juniors—Forwards—L. Wolsey, E. Luno, S. Waters, L. Lassaline, B. Loosemore, M. Brain, M. Kuchta, G. Mackenzie, H. Strangway; guards, A. Howlett, J. McCormick, V. McIntyre, H. Randall, A. Janicek, N. Shepherd, R. Case, P. Metcalfe, S. Wilbur.

Senior Girls' Game

This game was a disappointment because, after leading most of the way, the team "went to pieces" towards the latter part of the game and Strathroy won 23-16. At half-time, Petrolia led 11-6 and seemed certain of victory. Evidently, they had under-estimated Strathroy for the invaders surged back and completely dominated the play in the third and fourth quarters. M. Happl led the scoring with 8 points, closely followed by G. Richmond with 7.

Junior Boys' Game

The Juniors' winning streak came to a sudden halt as a greatly improved Strathroy team pulled an upset 28-20 victory. At half time, Strathroy led 20-8 and looked as if they would increase their margin. After the intermission, the Juniors evidently had been shaken out of their doldrums for they outscored the invaders 14-8, but it was not enough to overcome the lead that Strathroy had built up in the first half. N. Sutherland played his best game this season as he was outstanding on the offensive and defensive. For Strathroy, Walker, Bondalewicz and Brown carried their team to victory with Walker winning the scoring honors for the day with 14 points.

Senior Boys' Game

The game was a "wide open" affair with the Seniors dominating every phase of the game. Pat Sutherland and M. Campbell, on guard, played a strong defensive game, while R. Fraleigh and J. Southcott led their team to victory with 23 points apiece. The first quarter ended 15-4 in Petrolia's favor and when the boys walked off the floor at half-time the margin had been increased to 33-11. In the last two quarters, Strathroy were completely demoralized as they were outscored 16-7 and 22-6. The final score was 71-24.

AT HOME TO WATFORD

These were the final games in the regular schedule. The girls dropped their game 18-6 while the Junior boys were winning 44-15.

The Senior boys took a 39-32 victory to become the first winners of a new trophy donated jointly by the four District High Schools in the League. This trophy will be awarded annually to the school which wins the District Senior Championship.



SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row, left to right — David Stauff, Lorne Dennis, Pat Sutherland, Jim White, Cliff Zavitz, Earl Luker, Mr. J. Strobl,
Front Row, left to right — Jim Wolsey, Ross Fraleigh, Jack Southcott (captain), Murray Campbell, Ross Little,

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PHONE 95

Angus MacKenzie: "Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?"

John Irwin: "Yes, but you should hear the taxi drivers."

Miss Padgham (at the door, reading notice): "Did anyone find a gold compact?"

Mr. Strobl: "Oh! Has someone lost her dry cleaner?"

Mrs. Rhodes: What is the biggest diamond in the world?"

Glen Dawson: "The ace."

Glen Dawson: "Is a chicken big enough to eat when it's two weeks old?"

Mr. Dukelow: "Of course not!"

Glen: "Then how does it manage to live?"

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"A bride wears white," said the speaker, "as a symbol of happiness for her wedding day is the most joyful day in her life."

"And why do men wear black?" some genius asked.

Mr. Brogden: "What's the reason for a roller going over a potato field?"

Pupil: "Raising them mashed this year, sir."

Nonsense is an elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy.

Mr. Hennessy: "Where was the battle of Waterloo fought?"

Mary Kuchta: "On page 150, sir."

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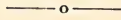
HUMOR



Bob Thompson: "Did you hear about Bruce? He drank some sulphuric acid by mistake."

Chas. Knight: "Hurt him?"

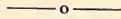
Bob: "No, he said the only thing he noticed was that he made holes in his handkerchief every time he blew his nose."



Mr. Hennessy: "Are you sure this story is original?"

Bob Cunningham: "Certainly it is."

Mr. Hennessy: "Heaven be praised, that I should at last meet Rudyard Kipling?"

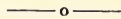


Mr. Strobl: "Well, Campbell, who presented you with the running shoes?"

Murray: "Nobody, they are my own. I said if they weren't returned in two days I would have Mr. Fox announce the fellow's name in each class."

Mr. Strobl: "So it worked?"

Murray: "You betcha! Why the next morning I couldn't get into my locker for running shoes."

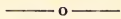


Jo McCormick: "Why didn't you shave before taking me to the dance?"

Ross Fraleigh: "I did."

Jo: "When?"

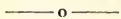
Ross: "Just before I came over to wait for you."



It was Sunday morning and Len Bicknell found that he had nothing to do. He began to play his trumpet but was immediately stopped by the minister of the church.

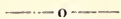
"Young man," asked the minister severely, "Do you know the Fourth Commandment?"

"No," Len replied, but if you will whistle it over, I'll do my best."



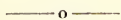
Dave Stauff: "I suppose I'm only a little pebble on the beach in your life."

Leota Wolsey: "You might stand a chance if you were a little boulder."



A question on Mr. Strobl's health paper read: "How may one obtain a good posture?"

Dick Hunter wrote: "Keep the cows off it and let it grow."

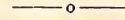


Lloyd Zimmerman: "I'm doing my best to get ahead."

Bill Maitland: "Well, you certainly need one."

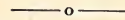
In grammar class Miss Jones wrote on the board: "I didn't have no fun at the beach." Then she asked Keith Callander how to correct it.

"Get a boy friend," replied Keith.



Miss McKinley was drilling the class on fractions. "Now Beulah, suppose your mother had five children to feed and had only three potatoes in the house, but she wants to divide them so that each would get an equal share. How would she do it?"

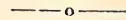
"She'd mash them," was the prompt reply.



John Core: "Dearest — your eyes, your eyes — are just like —"

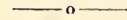
Donna Font: "Yes dearest, tell me, tell me everything."

John Core: "Each other."

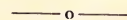


"Helen," said Miss Fraser, making final arrangements for a big party. "I want you to stand at the drawing room door and call the guests' names as they enter."

"Thank you," said Helen. "I've been wanting to do that for years."



Mr. Brogden was lecturing 12AB on the states of matter. "Now can you tell us McKay, what is the biggest change that occurs when water becomes ice?" he questioned. Bob looked up through sleepy eyes and mumbled, "The price, sir."

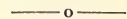


A doctor's son, a policeman's son, and a preacher's son were bragging about how much money their fathers made.

Ross Fraleigh: "My dad talks to a person and charges him fifteen dollars."

Keith Callander: "My dad just talks a little, writes a little, and charges forty dollars."

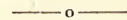
Jack Southcott: "That's nothing; my dad gets up, talks a few minutes, then sends out six men to carry back the money."



Howard Jackson (to local butcher): "I want a nice plump chicken please."

Butcher: "Do you want a pullet, sir?"

Howard: "No! I'll take it home in the car."



Alfreda Sharp: "Some doctors say kissing should be banned on hygienic grounds."

Ken Pratt: "I don't care. We never go to such places."

At the end of the examination Miss Jones gathered up all the answer papers. Among them she discovered one sheet which instead of being covered with facts and figures, bore merely a crude drawing of a tombstone on which was printed: "Sacred to the memory which always deserts me on an occasion like this." Signed "Digby" O'Dell.

— o —

Jean Downer was telephoning a music store, but was connected by mistake with a garage where Tip Corey worked.

"Do you have 'Two Red Lips and Seven Kisses'?" Jean asked.

"No," answered Tip, "But we have two tom cats and seven kittens."

"Is that a record?" Jean asked.

"Well lady," said Tip, "We think it is."

— o —

"What are you doing in the basement?" demanded the rooster.

"If it's any of your business," replied the hen, "I'm laying in a supply of coal."

— o —

Mr. Dukelow: "If a man smashed a clock, could he be accused of killing time?"

Gore Shepley: "Not if he could prove it struck first."

— o —

Source of Wisdom:

An invoice is another word for conscience.

An example of a collective noun is a garbage can.

Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.

A Soviet is a cloth used by hotel waiters.

A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the one you thought of first.

— o —

Papa Downer (to his daughter Jean): "It's time to say your prayers."

Jean: (a conscientious cheer leader kneeling at the side of her bed):

God bless Pa,

God bless Ma,

God bless Me,

Rah! Rah! Rah!

— o —

A couple sitting in the church gallery, spooning; the old Scotch minister watched them for quite awhile, then finally remarked: "There's a certain young laddie kissing a certain young lassie up there — would somebody kindly inform him that when he's through, I commence."

— o —

Jack Southcott (with superior smile): "Did you see that beautiful young brunette smile at me?"

Jim Kimmerly: "Oh, that's nothing to worry about, the first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

Howlers

Divers disease is water on the brain.

The Whigs are the upper class of England.

Captain Cook made three voyages around the world. He was, however killed on the first of these.

"Habeas Corpus" was a phrase much used during the Great Plague of London, and means, "Bring out your dead."

An octopus is a cat with eight sides.

The Bill of Rights said that no man could be thrown into Parliament without a trial. This was a great stride forward in the world famed British justice.

Lady Jane Grey sat on the throne for only a few days, and when Queen Elizabeth removed her and she was executed, she died saying, "If I had served you as you have served me, you would have been dead long ago."

— o —

Bob Thompson: "Give me some of that monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid."

Druggist: "Do you mean aspirin?"

Bob: "Yes, I never can remember that word."

— o —

Max. Sherrin had been frowning at the exam. paper for some time when Mr. Morrisey asked: "Does the question bother you?"

Max: "Oh no! Not at all! It's the answer that gets me."

— o —

White: "Why don't you stand up straight like me?"

O'Dell: "Do you see that field of corn over there?"

Jim: "I do."

Bob: "Well, you'll notice that the full heads hang down and the empty ones stand up."

— o —

Mr. Parker (in history class): "Now what was the greatest disaster in History?"

Len. Bicknell: "Hitler's march on Moscow."

Mr. Parker: "Well, what was the greatest comeback in History, then?"

Len: "His retreat from Moscow."

— o —

John Kuchta (dining at Richmond's): "Why does that dog sit there and watch me all the time?"

Roma: "Because you've got the plate he generally uses."

— o —

If some of these jokes you have heard before Just laugh again and don't get sore;
For the world is large, good jokes are few,
And not everyone is as smart as you (I hope).
The one who thinks our jokes are poor
Would straightway change his views
Could he compare the jokes we print
With those we could not use.

— Editor of Humour.

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PETROLIA

What's making that awful racket?
Grandma ain't used to her new teeth yet,
and she's bustin' up all the saucers drinking
her tea.

Pupil: I spent ten hours over my history
book last night.

History Teacher: Ten hours?

Pupil: Yes, I left it under my pillow when
I went to sleep.

Mr. Brogden: "If H₂O is water, what is
CH₂O?"

Laurel Davidson: "Seawater."

They laughed when I came in with tights
on, but when I sat down, they split.

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Helen Ferguson: "Do you think the radio will ever take the place of a newspaper?"

Marg. Blackstock: "No, you can't swat a fly with a radio."

Bruce McCallum (arrested for speeding): "But your Honour, I am a High School student."

Judge: Ignorance doesn't excuse anybody.

Don. Butler: "What part of a car do you think causes the most accidents?"

Ray Luker: "The nut that holds the steering gear."

Joan Tomlinson: "What did Rip Van Winkle say when he woke from his long sleep?"

Jean Guest: "Operator try that number again."

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PETROLIA

"I'm sorry," said the elevator girl. "Did I stop too abruptly?"

"Oh no," said the disgruntled passenger. "I always wear my pants down there."

Mr. Dukelow: "When do leaves begin to turn?"

Dick Hunter: "The day before exams."

Miss Rose: "Helen, give me the principal parts of the verb dico."

Helen Randall: "Dico, ere——."

Miss Rose: "Help her out, Stewart."

S. O'Brien: (drowsily) "I guess she can get out by herself."

Ross Little thinks assets are little donkeys.

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Bob McKay (kissing her gently): "Have-
n't I met you somewhere before?"

Ramona Lassaline: "No, it's just the situa-
tion that's so familiar."

Mr. Parker: "I drink a cup of hot water
every morning."

Mr. Strobl: "So do I, but my wife calls it
coffee."

Hugh McKellar: "Say dad, I can't get these
math. problems. Teacher said something
about finding the greatest common divisor."

Mr. McKellar: "Great Scott! Haven't they
found that thing yet? They were looking for
it when I was a kid."

Tragedy

Two faces were close together, the boy's
grim and tense; the other face was small and
white, with two slender hands pressed tight-
ly against it. It was upon those frail hands
that the boy gazed in horror.

"Terrible," he said, still staring, and in
his voice was hopeless tragedy; for the other
face was the face of his watch and those
little hands told him he had missed the school
bus.

Mrs. Stauff: "What did you and Earl talk
about last night?"

Berky: "Oh, we talked about our kith and
kin."

Dave: "Yes, mom, I heard them. He said,
'Kin I have a kith?' and she said 'Yeth you
kin'."

Lament of a Fifth Former

When God gave out brains,
I thought He said trains,
I missed mine.

When God gave out looks,
I thought He said books,
I didn't want any.

When God gave out legs,
I thought he said kegs,
I took two big round ones.

When God gave out ears,
I thought He said beers,
I took two long ones.

When God gave out noses,
I thought He said roses,
I took a great big red one.

When God gave out chins,
I thought He said gins,
I ordered a double one.

Heck, I'm a mess.

Dear Moron: I sat down with a pencil in my hands to typewrite you a letter. Pardon the ink. I don't live where I used to because I moved to where I live now. When you come to see me you can ask anyone where I live because nobody knows. I am sorry we are so far together. I wish we were closer apart. My chum's aunt's uncle died and is doing nicely. Her brother has the mumps and is having a swelled time. He is at death's door and the doctor is trying to pull him through. We are having more weather than we had last year. I sent you a coat by express so I cut the buttons off it to make it lighter. If you want them they are in the pocket. I started to Quincy to see you and I saw a sign that read: "This will take you to Quincy." I sat on the sign for three hours and it didn't move an inch. In case you don't get this letter, let me know and I will send it to you. I forgot to send you the money I owe because I didn't remember it until after I read this letter.

Love. —Another Moron.

Stewart O'Brien giggled when the teacher read the story of the man who swam the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No sir," answered Stu., "But I wonder why he did not make it four and get back to the side where his clothes were."

Favorite Expressions

Mr. Fox: Now, that's the last of that. I shouldn't have to repeat myself.

Miss Jones: Come on, move along and stay in your lines.

Miss Fraser: Have you all got yo pencils, wulers and ewasers?

Mr. Stephenson: All right. Clean up.

Mr. Harding: Well, why haven't you got it done?

Mr. Parker: I tell you, I don't know what is going to happen.

Miss Priest: Be quiet down there, please!

Mrs. Rhodes: All right, quiet now.

Miss Rose: Where are you going?

Mr. Brogden: Well, what has the Oracle of Knowledge to say to-day?

Mr. Hennessy: I think we should have telephones installed.

Mr. Morrissey: I'm not trying to be funny.

Miss McIver: Heaven's sakes in the afternoon!

Mr. Strobl: Actually kids.

Miss McKinley: Haven't you got enough work to do?

Mr. Dukelow: I take a lot of ribbing about the chickens but

Miss Rumley: Gosh, that's awful! Get it in tune!



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Note: Please carve your answer on the back of a dried fish.

— o —

Freida Barr: "Are you fond of indoor sports?"

Dolores McGeachie: "Yes, if they don't stay too late."

— o —

Mr. Harding: "What's on your mind, Luker?"

Geo. Luker: "Thoughts."

Mr. Harding: "Treat them kindly, they're in a strange place."

— o —

"Well son, what did you learn in Sunday School to-day?"

"We learned all about a cross-eyed bear."

"About what?"

"Yes sir, named Gladly. We learned a song about him. All about Gladly, the Cross I'd Bear."

A policemen was patrolling a certain highway one night when he suddenly approached a car parked at the side of the road. He shone his flashlight in the window and a young couple popped up.

"Don't you know it's against the law to park on a highway?"

"But sir, we weren't doing any harm?"

"That's all right, but I'll have to take your name anyway. What is it?"

"Ben Kissen."

"And yours?"

"Ann Howe."

— o —

Definitions

An epistle is the wife of an apostle.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

A litre is a nest of young puppies.

A polygon is a dead parrot.

Reefs are what you put on coffins.

The stomach is the home of the swallow.

Parenthesis is what you are when you have no parents.

— o —

Dave Stauff: (on phone) "Hello, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?"

Leota Wolsey: "Why I'd love to."

Dave: "Then tell your mother I'll be over at seven o'clock."

Agatha Blonde: "What could be sadder than the spectacle of a man without a country?"

Lenore Patterson: "A country without a man."

Aldine Gadsby was sitting in the restaurant when Hugh McKellar entered.

Hughie (bowing low): "May I join you?"

Aldine: "Why, am I coming apart?"

Mr. Strobl: "How many sexes are there?"

Lyle Bolton: "Three."

Mr. Strobl: "What are they?"

Lyle: "The male sex, the female sex and insects."

Mr. Brogden called his Zoology class together shortly after noon.

"Our work this afternoon will be cutting up and inspecting the inward workings of a frog. I have one in my pocket to be used as a specimen.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a paper bag, shook its contents onto the table, and out rolled a nice looking sandwich. He looked perplexed, scratched his head and muttered: "That's funny, I distinctly remember eating my lunch."

Hugh: "I tried to learn swimming from a book. It's impossible. I floated on water, read the book, and followed instructions."

Bob: "Sounds all right to me. What happened?"

Hugh: "At the bottom of the first page it said: 'Turn over.' I did so and nearly drowned."

The drug store clerk was trying to sell Joan Dawson a new type of lipstick.

"I think you'll find, miss, that most girls like this lipstick."

"Well—er—ah—," stammered his hard-to-sell customer, "I'm really interested — er— I mean—could you tell me the kind men like?"

Judge: "What's your name?"

Defendant: "Spark Plug."

Judge: "Your occupation?"

Defendant: "Electrician."

Judge: "What are you charged with?"

Defendant: "Battery."

Judge: "Put him in a dry cell."

"Quote two lines of any poem and name its author."

"The hobo sat in a box car,
His feet were on the ground."

— Longfellow.

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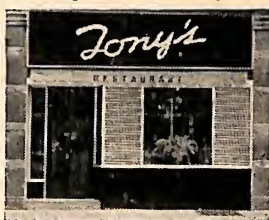
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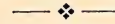
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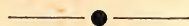
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